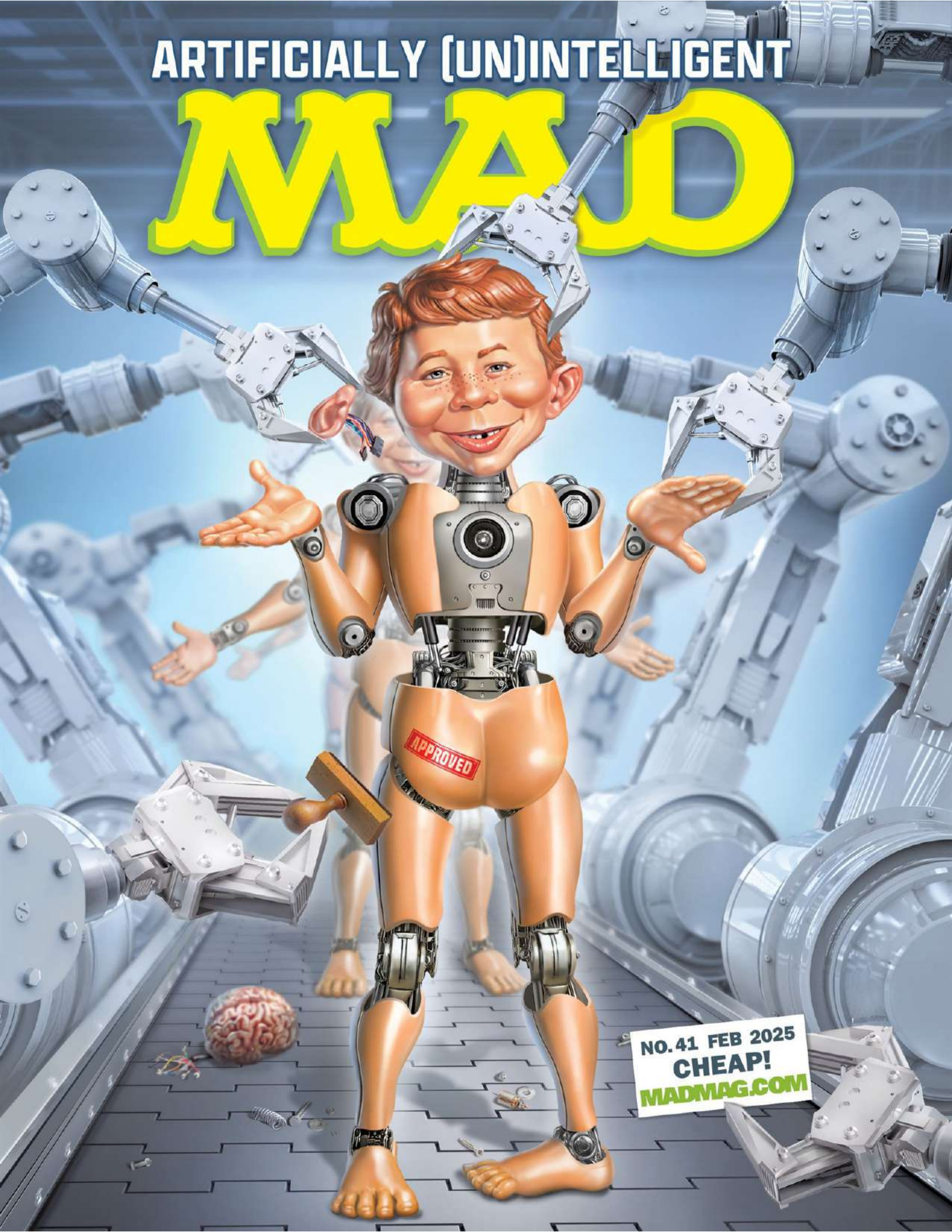
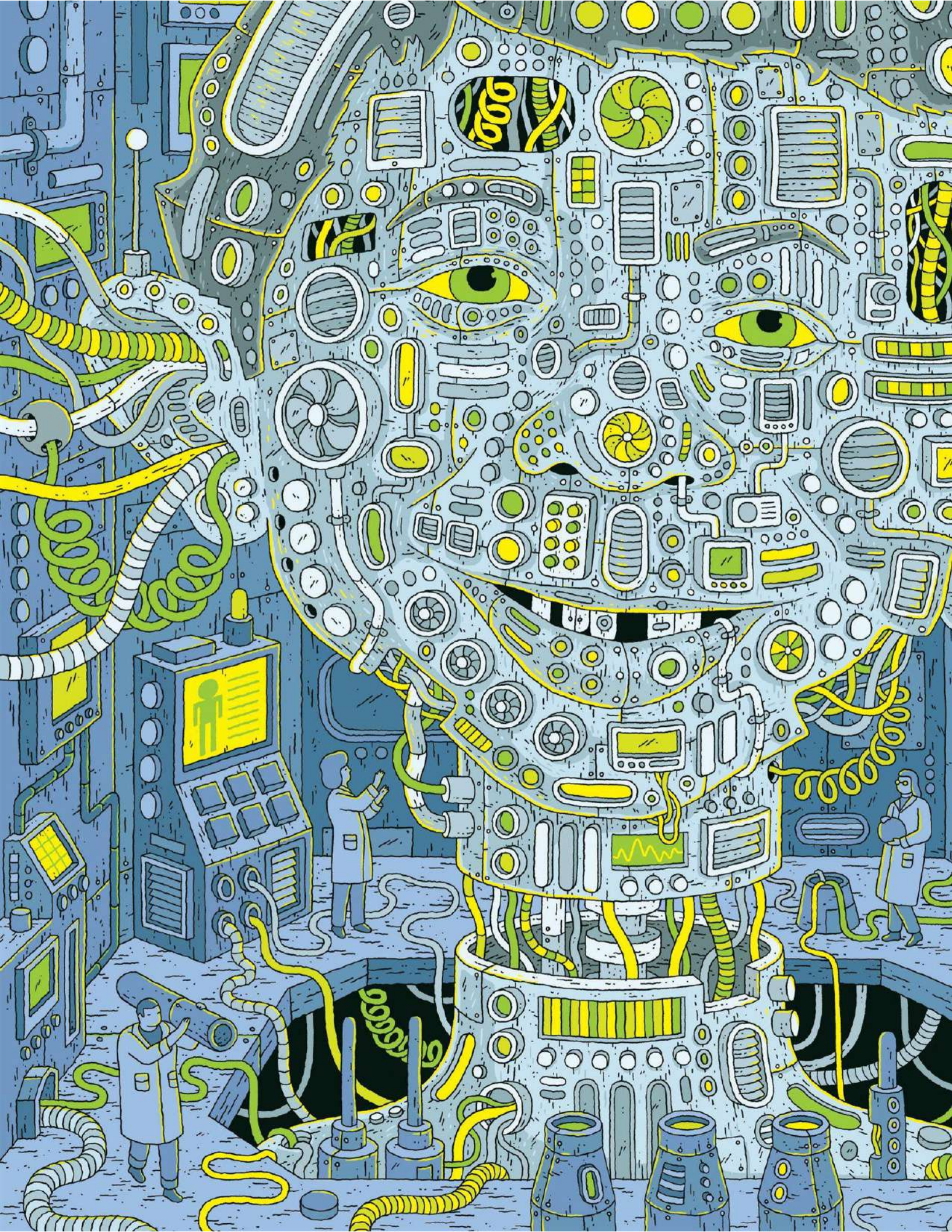


ARTIFICIALLY (UN)INTELLIGENT **MAD**



NO. 41 FEB 2025
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MAD

NO. 41

FEBRUARY 2025

WILLIAM M. GAINES FOUNDER

SUZY HUTCHINSON ART DIRECTOR

BERN MENDOZA ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR

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- 03** If Computers Are So Brilliant, MAD #258, Oct 1985
- 08** The Future of Job Automation, MAD #550, Apr 2018
- 10** Spy Vs. Spy
- 12** Meanwhile...
- 13** Truly Logical Transformers, MAD #257, Sep 1985
- 16** Everyday Pet Peeves of Transformers, MAD #480, Aug 2007
- 17** A Guided Tour Through a Steel Foundry, MAD #62, Apr 1961
- 19** The MAD Artificial Intelligence Hate Book
- 22** A.I.: Absolute Idiocy (A MAD Movie Parody), MAD #410, Oct 2001
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- 28** What Lies Behind the Matching-Jammies Holiday Portrait!
- 30** Where Not to Go on Your Winter Break Vacation, MAD Kids #14, Mar 2009
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- 39** Pretty Slick Dept. Your Guide to Robot-Safe Lubricants
- 40** When Delivery Drones Go Bad, MAD #527, Jun 2014
- 42** Other "Diseases" of the Machine World, MAD #309, Mar 1992
- 46** If Wishes Were Horses
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- 55** Meanwhile...
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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS & WRITERS The Usual Gang of Idiots

EDITORIAL CONSULTANT Paula Sevenbergen

INSIDE BACK COVER A MAD Fold-In by Johnny Sampson

VARIOUS PLACES Drawn Out Dramas by Sergio Aragonés

COVER ARTIST Mark Fredrickson

The vintage MAD pieces reprinted in this issue were produced in a time that was less mindful and sensitive to matters of race, gender, sexual identity, religion, and food allergies. The text of these articles is presented mostly unaltered (and with crossed fingers) for historical reference.

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #543, FEB 2017
ARTIST **JESSE JACOBS**

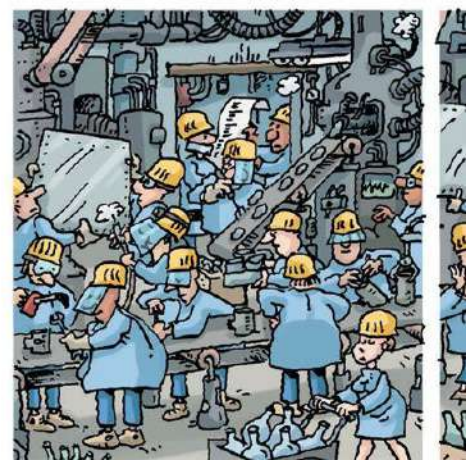
JJACOBS

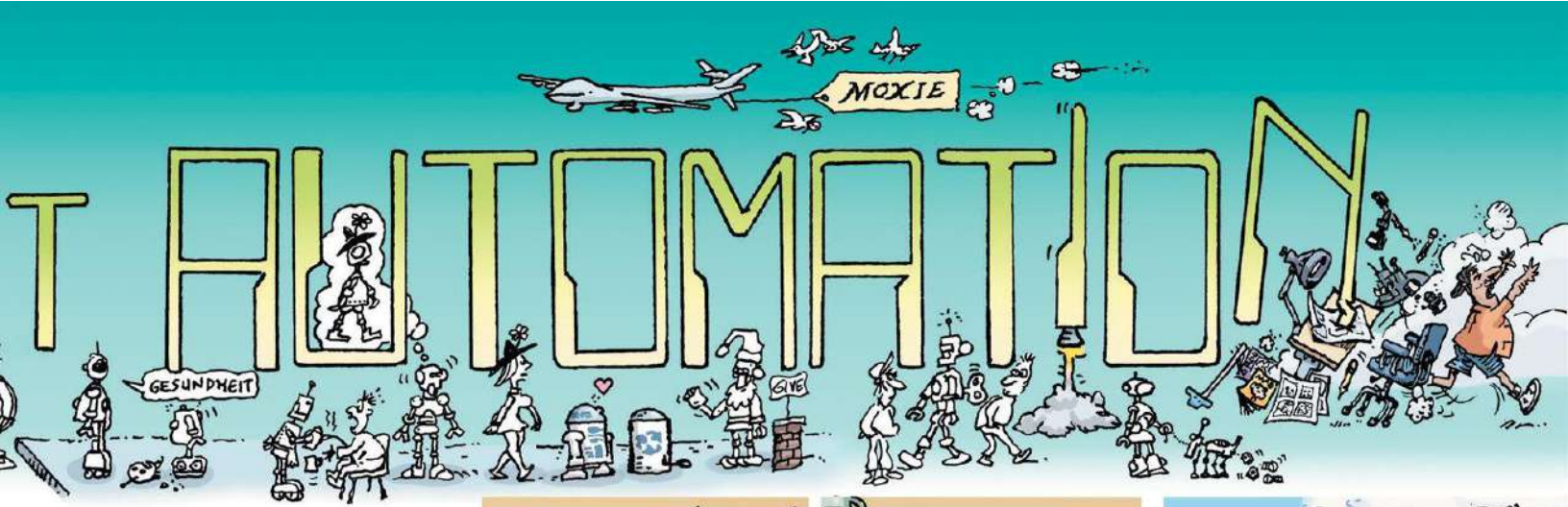


SERGE-IN GENERAL DEPT.

SERGIO
ARAGONÉS
PRESENTS...

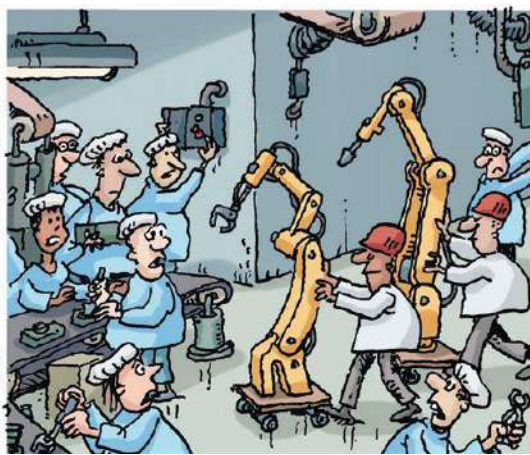
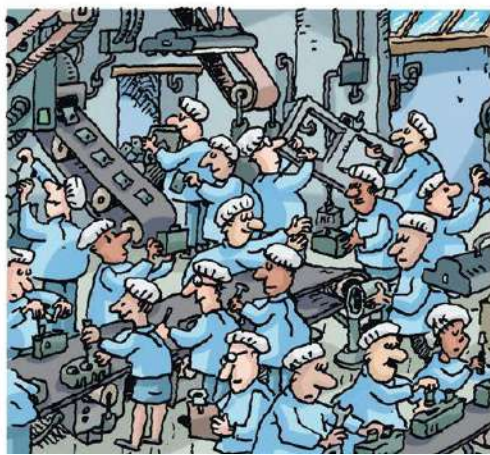
A MAD LOOK A

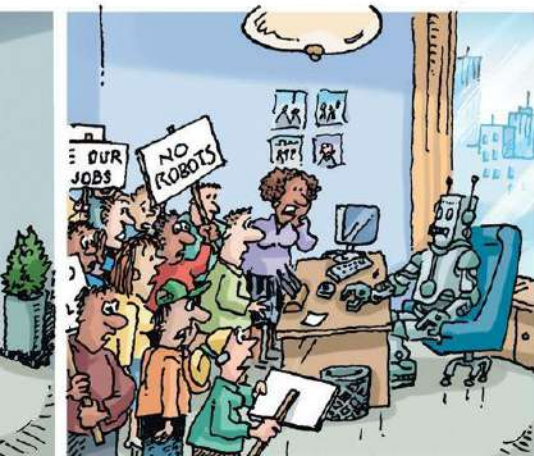
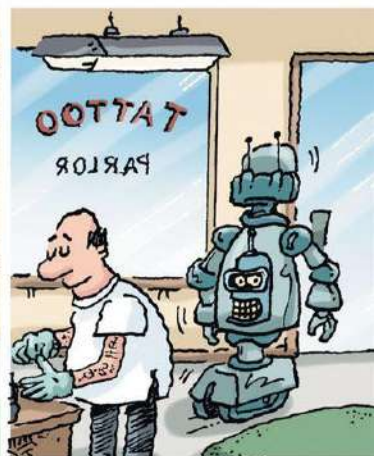
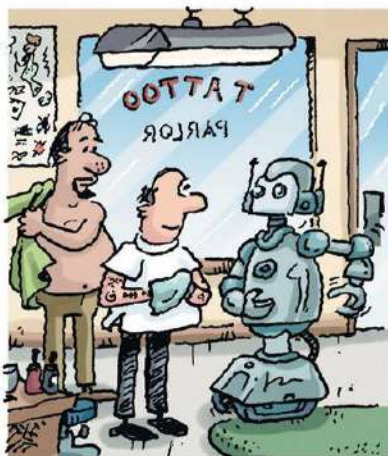
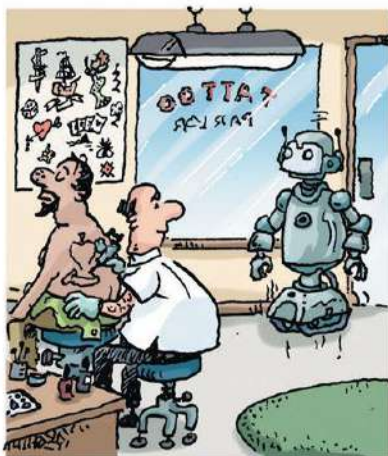




WRITER & ARTIST **SERGIO ARAGONÉS** COLORIST **CARRIE STRACHAN**









We're told that the most miraculous thing about computers is their ability to store and feed back. The real miracle is that not one of the millions of facts they have stored away is the correct spelling of words. After hours and hours trying to correct the garble spewed out by some crazed silicon chip, we are back to square one.

IF COMPUTERS ARE



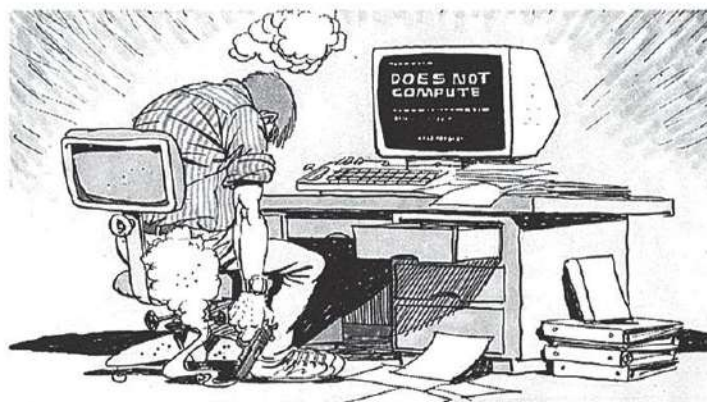
...why do they assume you want to receive 800 identical copies of the same mail order catalogue?



... why do they spread the word that you're responsible for all of the 1983 and 1984 parking tickets issued to a car that you sold in 1981?



...why does the increasing amount of information they spew out to TV weathermen only make the forecasts more inaccurate?



...how come they're always telling you that you're making an error, but they can never tell you what it is?



...what is their logic in letting 14,000 murders go unsolved while they devote full time to nailing you on some old traffic warrant?



... why do they blithely pass along a ridiculous meter reading that makes your monthly electric bill higher than the one for Yankee Stadium?

ack millions of bits of information. But in MAD's opinion, that's not the most miraculous thing about computers. The
 Four name, or our accurate address, or a single smidgen of data about us that is completely right! As each of us wastes
 ound to wonder how that much stupidity can be produced with such unfailing regularity. Thus, we ask...

RE SO BRILLIANT...

WRITER **TOM KOCH** ARTIST **GEORGE WOODBRIDGE**



... why can't they report your correct wages to the I.R.S., especially when it's a known fact that the I.R.S. will always believe a computer and assume the taxpayer is lying?



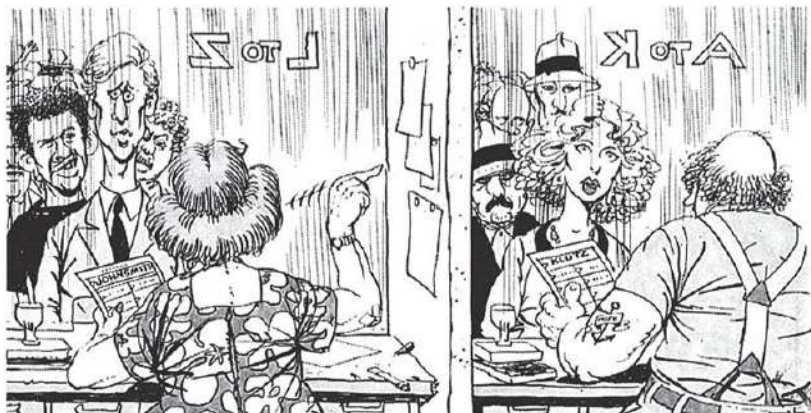
... why can't they find someone to write a computer instruction manual who knows how to put together a simple sentence?



... why do they invariably select the phone numbers of the elderly, the unmarried and the childless to receive their annoying calls about diaper service?



... how do they figure that your bank balance could have dropped from \$1,854 to \$18.54 during a month you didn't make any withdrawals?



... why do they insist that "JOHNSMITH" is all one word, and must be alphabetized under "J" until its poor owner gets around to acquiring a first name?



... why do companies that install them immediately have to hire lots of extra employees just to correct computer errors?

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #258, OCT 1985

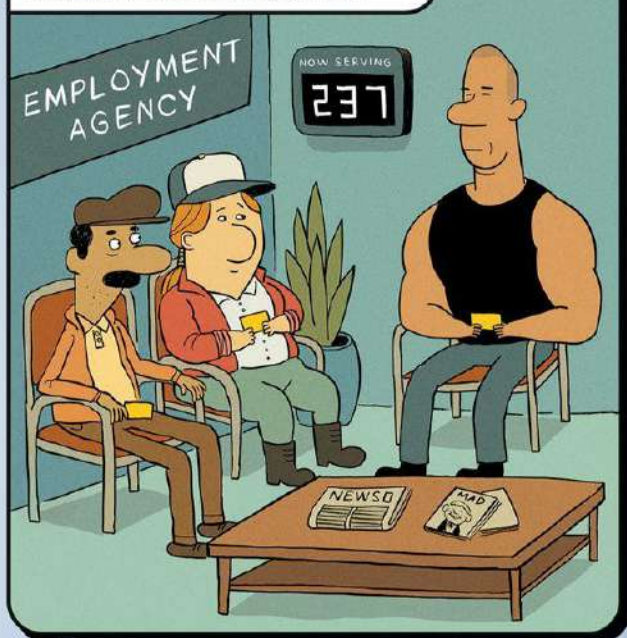


With robots working in factories, hospitals and even police departments — somebody has to detonate those bombs — many say that the future of job automation is already here. But in the years to come, we'll see advances that will make our current sci-fi dystopia seem positively quaint! Don't believe us? Just tell your cybernetic butler to read you this piece we like to call...

THE FUTURE OF

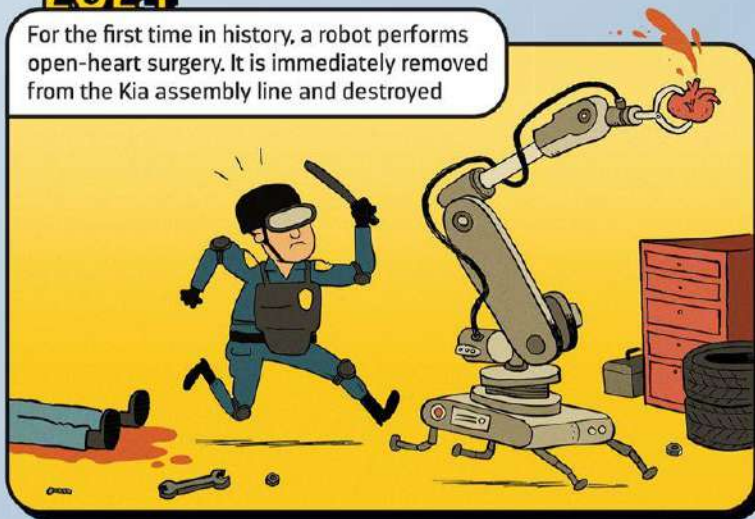
2019

Automobiles become completely self-driving — leaving cabbies, truckers and the cast of *Fast & Furious* jobless



2024

For the first time in history, a robot performs open-heart surgery. It is immediately removed from the Kia assembly line and destroyed



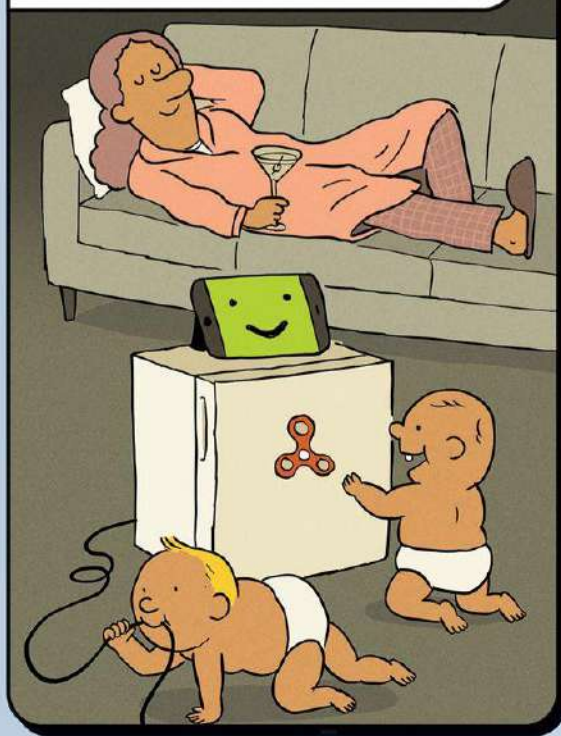
2025

McDonald's staff becomes fully automated — leading to higher profits, shorter wait times and a dramatic uptick in customers finding lugnuts in their Big Macs



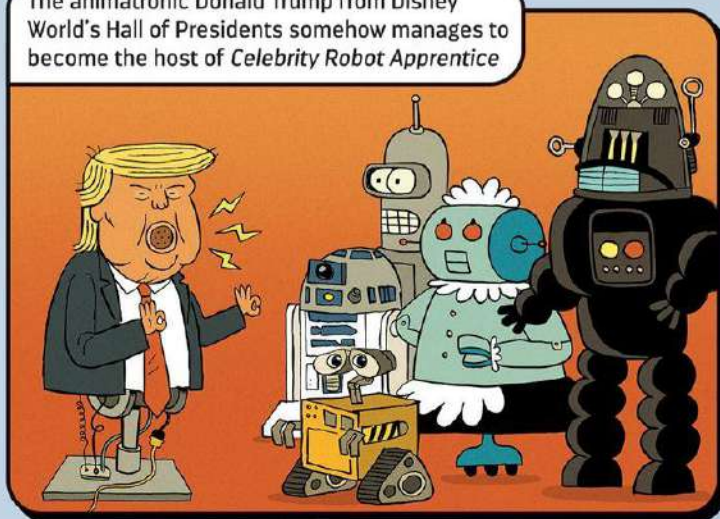
2022

Childcare is revolutionized with the advent of the Robo-Nanny. Sure, it's just a mini-fridge, an iPad and a fidget spinner welded together — but, man, does it keep the kids out of your hair!



2028

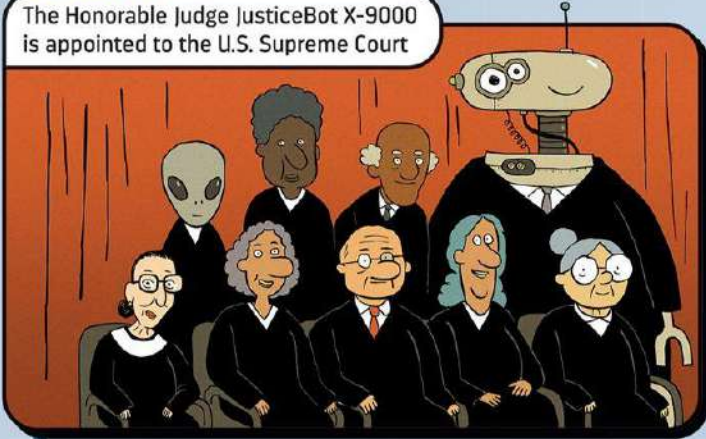
The animatronic Donald Trump from Disney World's Hall of Presidents somehow manages to become the host of *Celebrity Robot Apprentice*



JOB AUTOMATION

2032

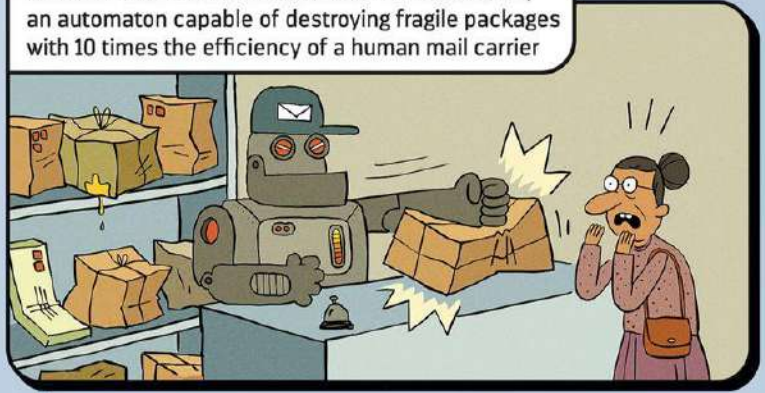
The Honorable Judge JusticeBot X-9000 is appointed to the U.S. Supreme Court



2038

WRITER KENNY KEIL ARTIST JOHN MARTZ

The U.S. Postal Service introduces The Demolisher, an automaton capable of destroying fragile packages with 10 times the efficiency of a human mail carrier



2033

Human police officers are replaced with patrol drones, resulting in some of the weirdest episodes of Law & Order yet



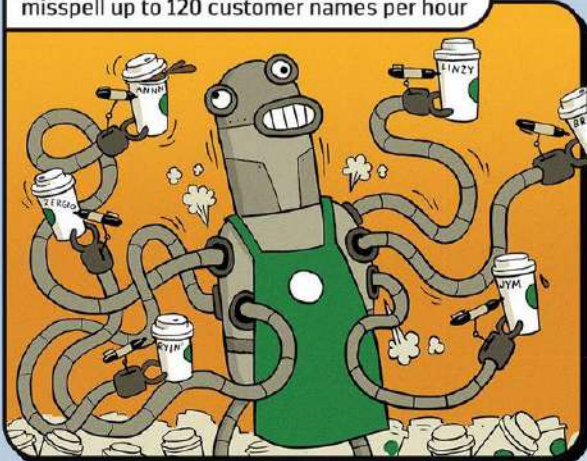
2039

For the first time in baseball history, a robot plays in the World Series. Unfortunately, its settings accidentally get switched from "Pitcher" to "Belly Itcher" in the seventh inning, resulting in a devastating upset



2036

Starbucks develops a robotic barista that can misspell up to 120 customer names per hour

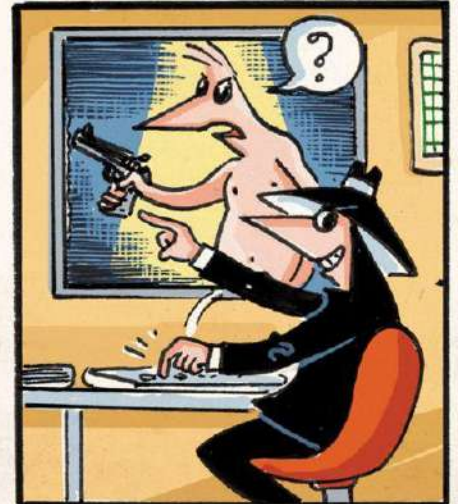
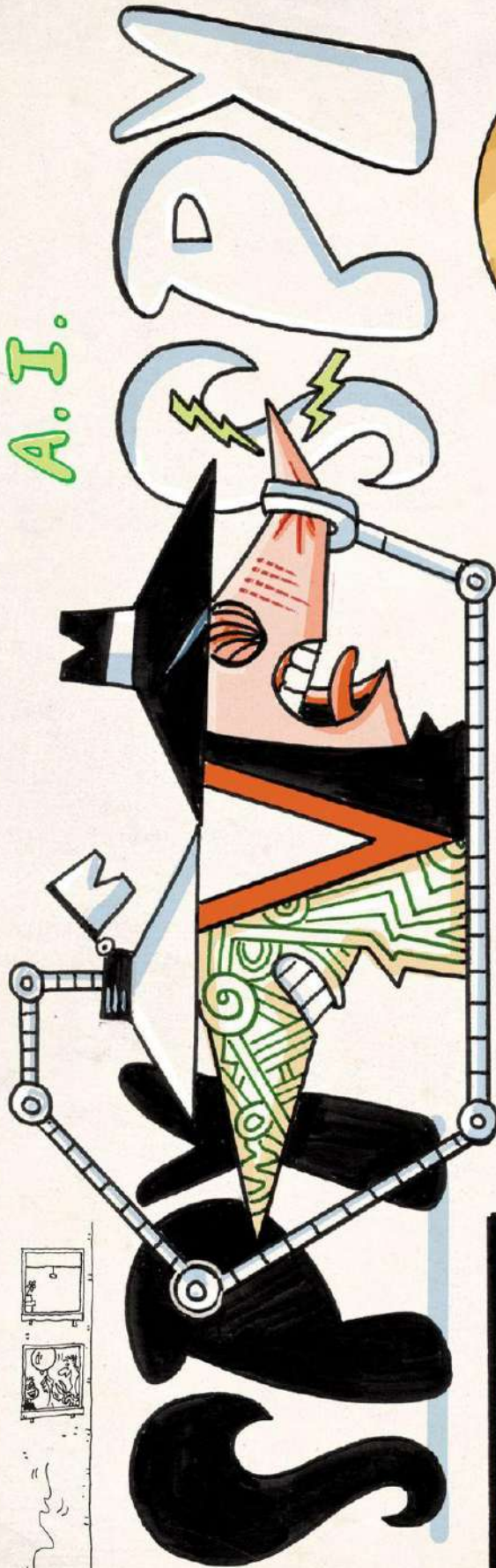


2043

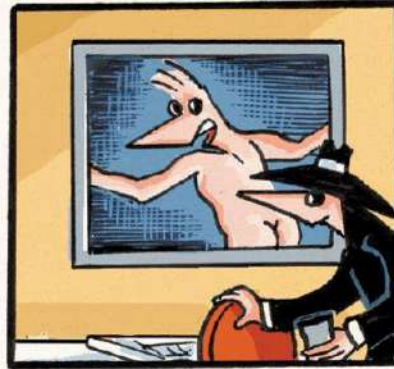
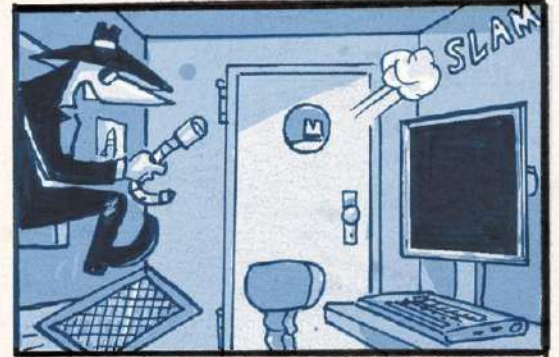
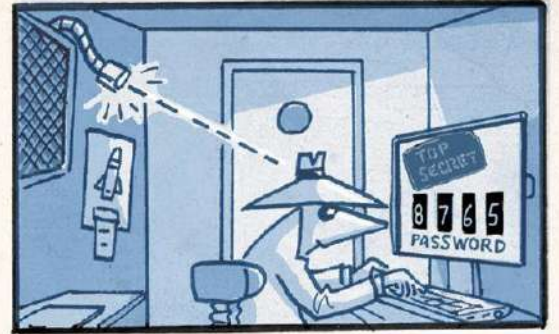
Millions of robot workers are laid off by the world's first-ever robot CEO



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #550, APR 2018



SPY vs SPY





Meanwhile...

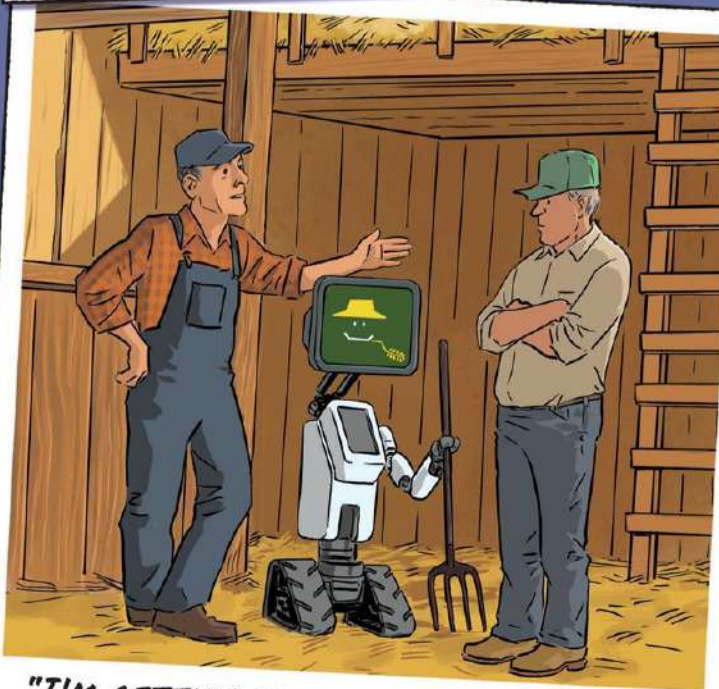
WRITER IAN BOOTHBY
ARTIST PIA GUERRA



"WHAT REALLY MAKES ME FEEL LIKE I'M LIVING IN THE FUTURE IS HOW OFTEN I'M ASKED TO PROVE I'M NOT A ROBOT."



"THE NEW PET THEY LOVE SO MUCH CAN DO A LOT OF TRICKS, BUT IT'S NOT SO TOUGH WHEN YOU PEE ON IT."



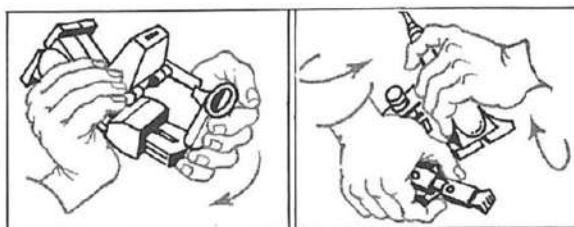
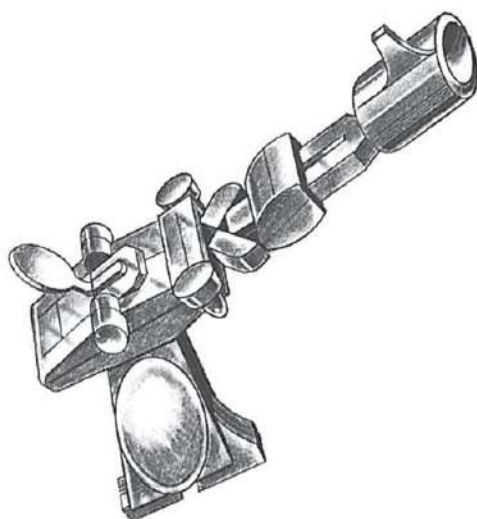
"I'M GETTING TO BE AN OLD MACDONALD, SO I LEAVE MOST OF THE FARMING DECISIONS TO MY E.I.E.I.O.-A.I."



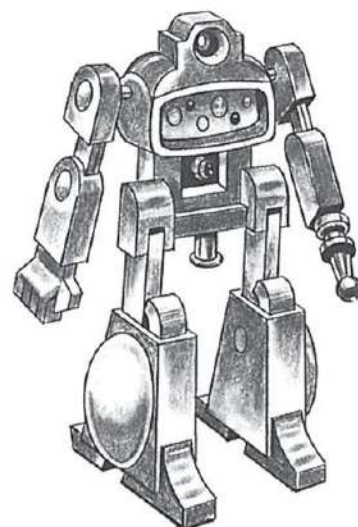
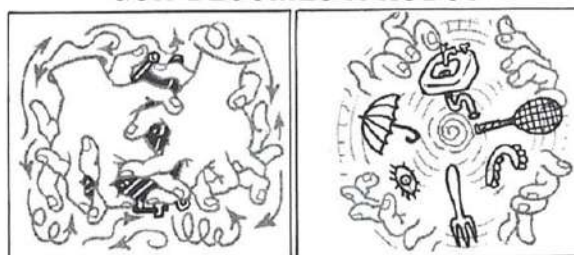
"AS I SUSPECTED! THE HOUSE IS POSSESSED BY THE SPIRIT OF YOUR DELETED BROWSER HISTORY."



GOBOTS and TRANSFORMERS are the hottest toys of the year! As the name implies, these toys transform from one thing into another. For instance, a few deft twists of its moveable parts, and a...

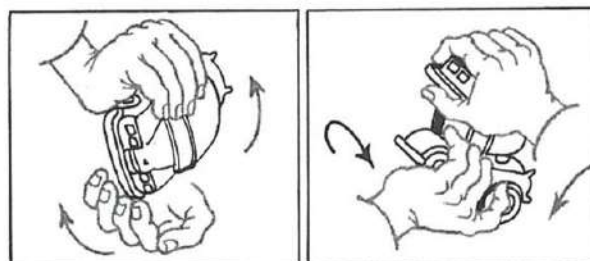
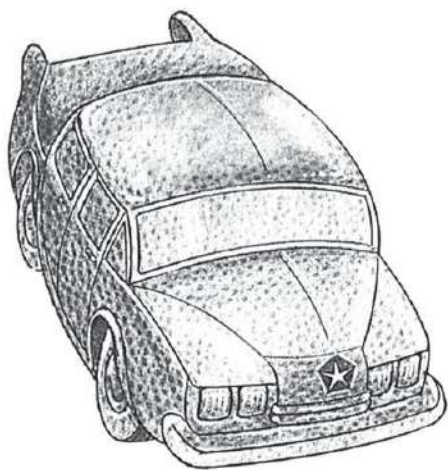


GUN BECOMES A ROBOT

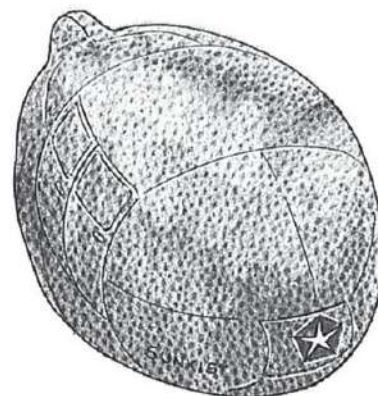
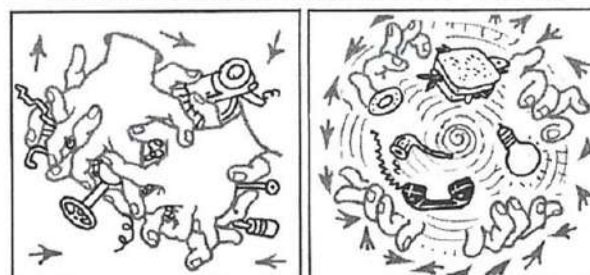


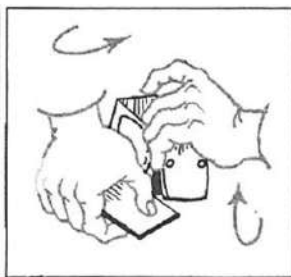
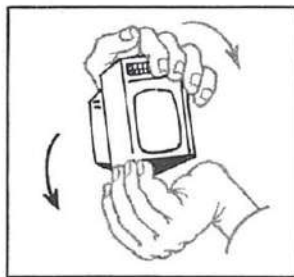
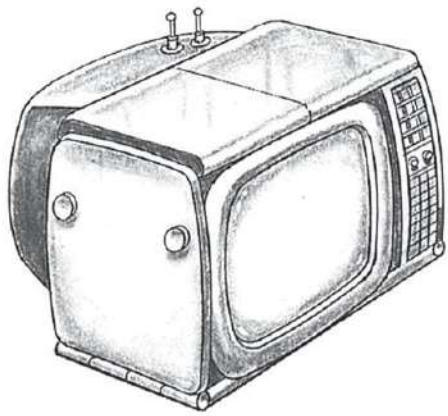
Great! Except they only deal in the fantasy world! What kids need today are toys that deal in the real world! Toys like MAD's...

TRULY LOGICAL TRANSFORMERS

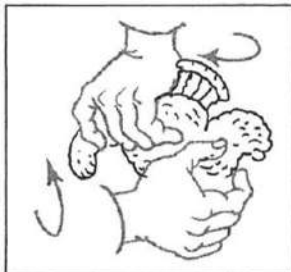
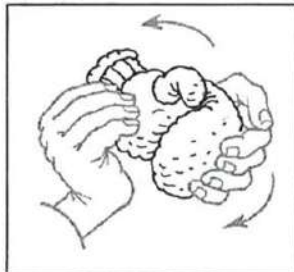
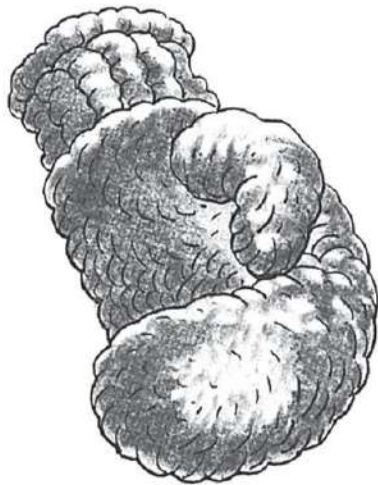
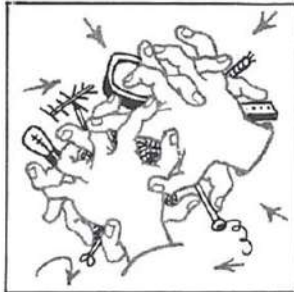


WHEELS TRANSFORM INTO A LEMON

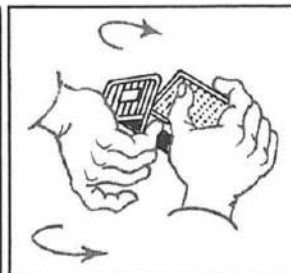
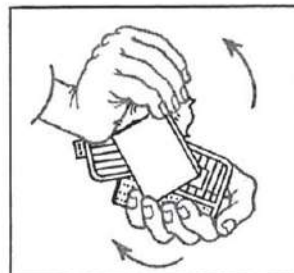
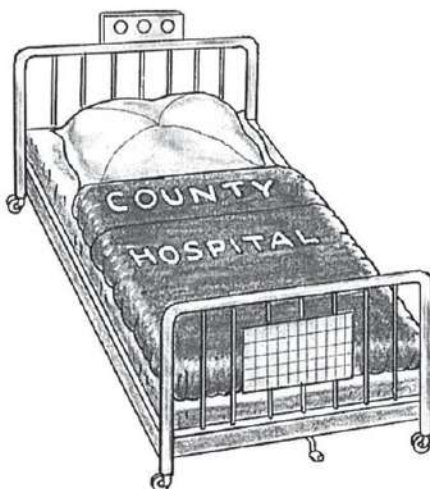
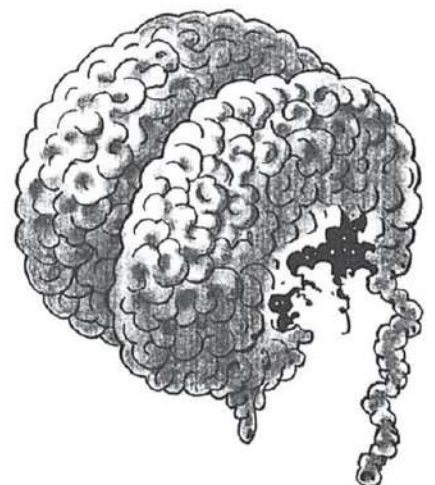
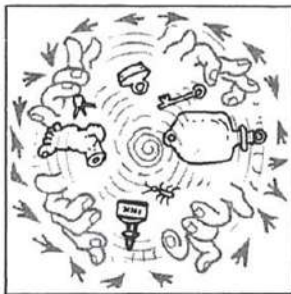
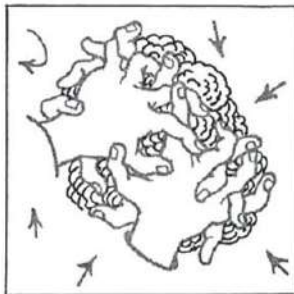




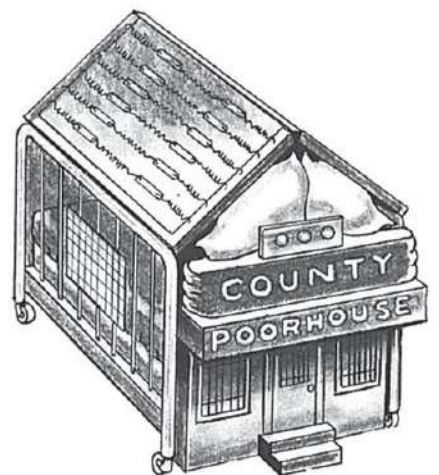
THE BOOB TUBE TRANSFORMS INTO THE FAMILY THRONE

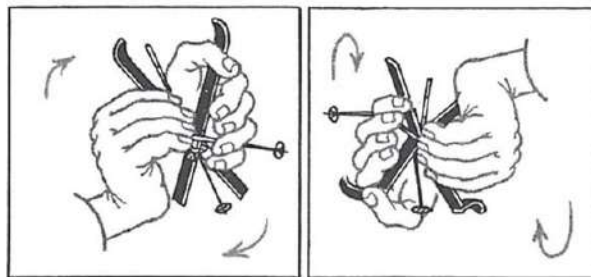
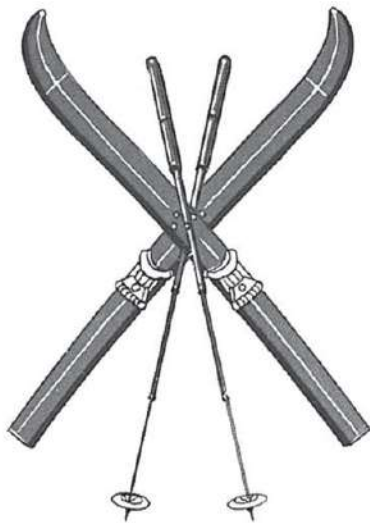


BOXING GLOVES TURN INTO BATTERED BRAINS

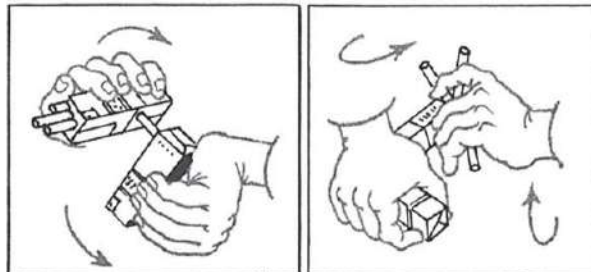
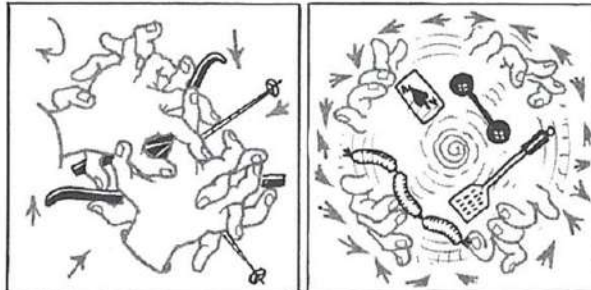


"FLAT ON YOUR BACK" TRANSFORMS INTO FLAT BROKE

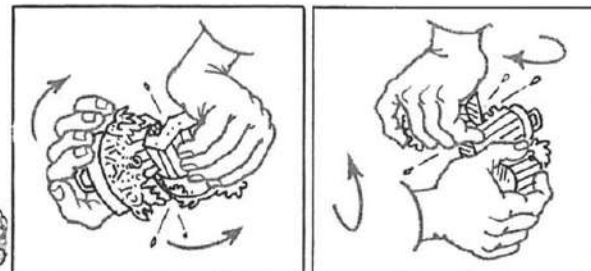
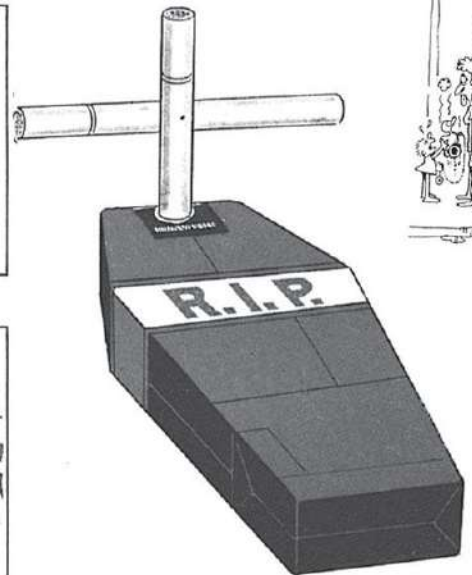




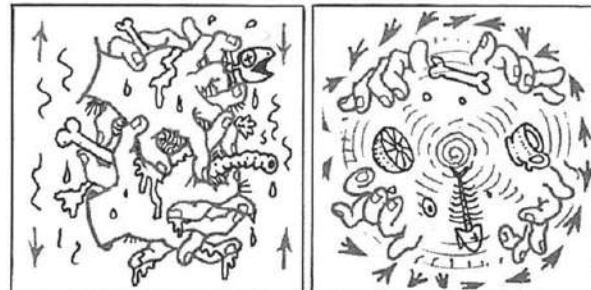
SKI TIME TRANSFORMS INTO BUSTED KNEE TIME



ASHES TRANSFORM INTO ASHES



TRASH TRANSFORMS INTO GARBAGE



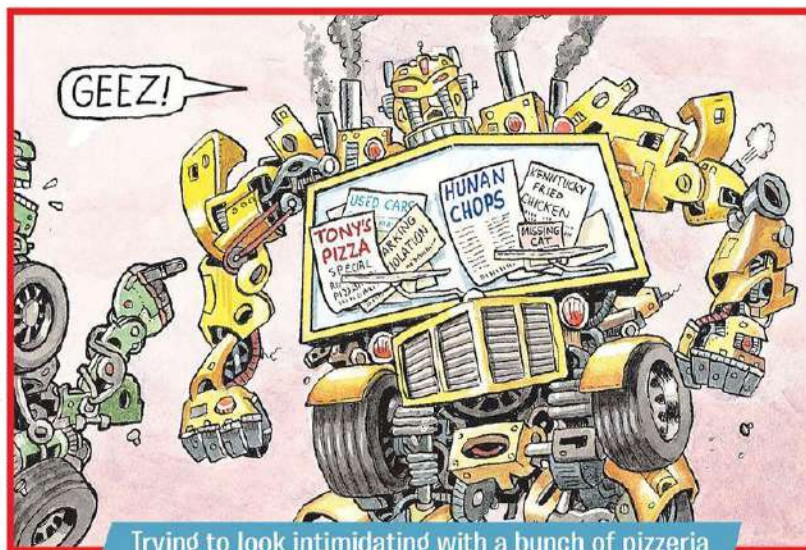
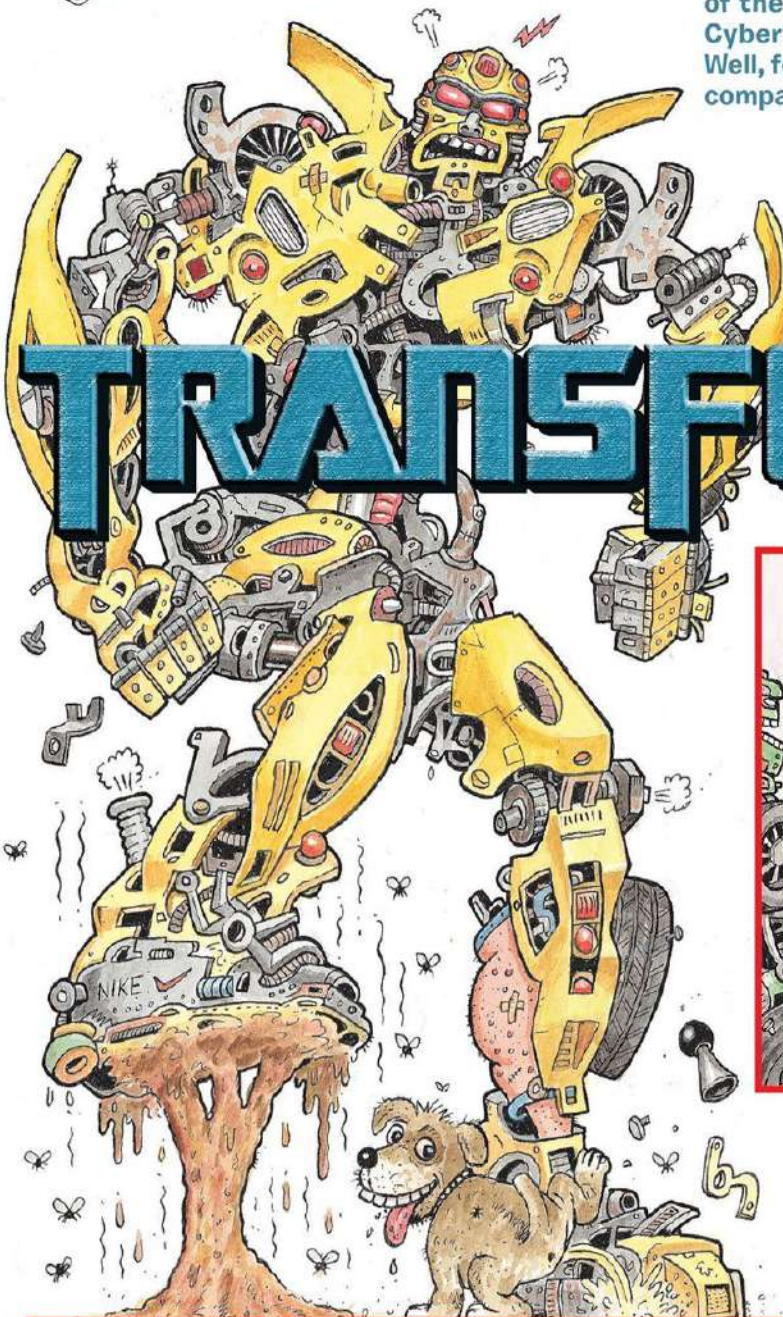
© Jaffee



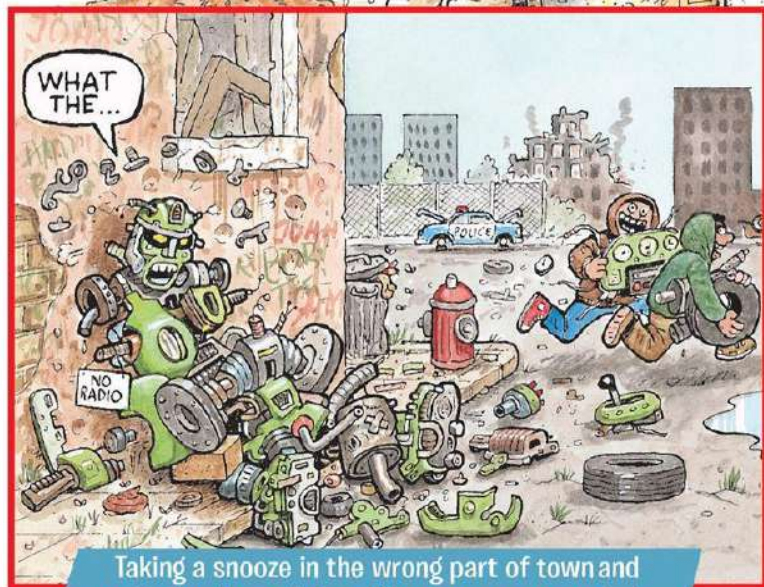
So you're in a vicious battle with your sworn enemies for the fate of the universe, a million miles away from your home planet of Cybertron and facing death at every turn. Sounds tough, right? Well, for the Autobots and Decepticons, all that stuff is child's play compared to these...

Everyday Pet Peeves of

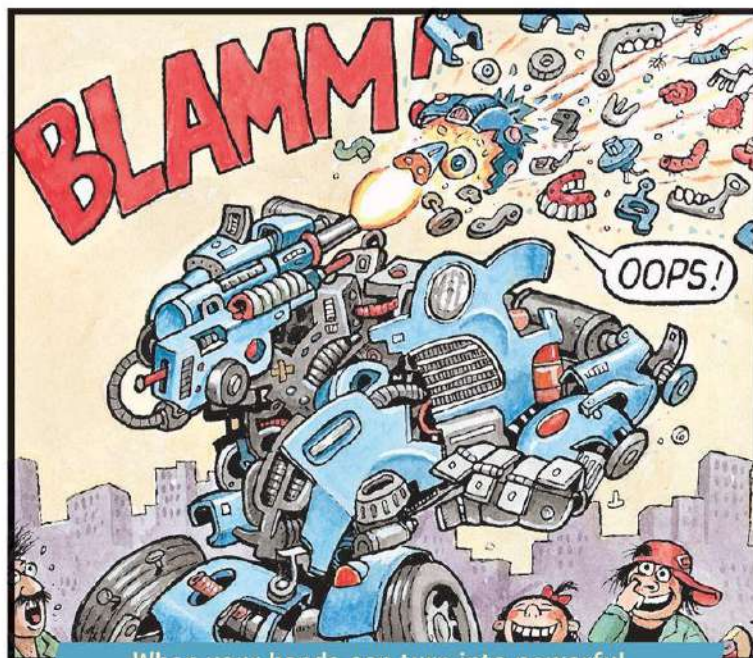
TRANSFORMERS



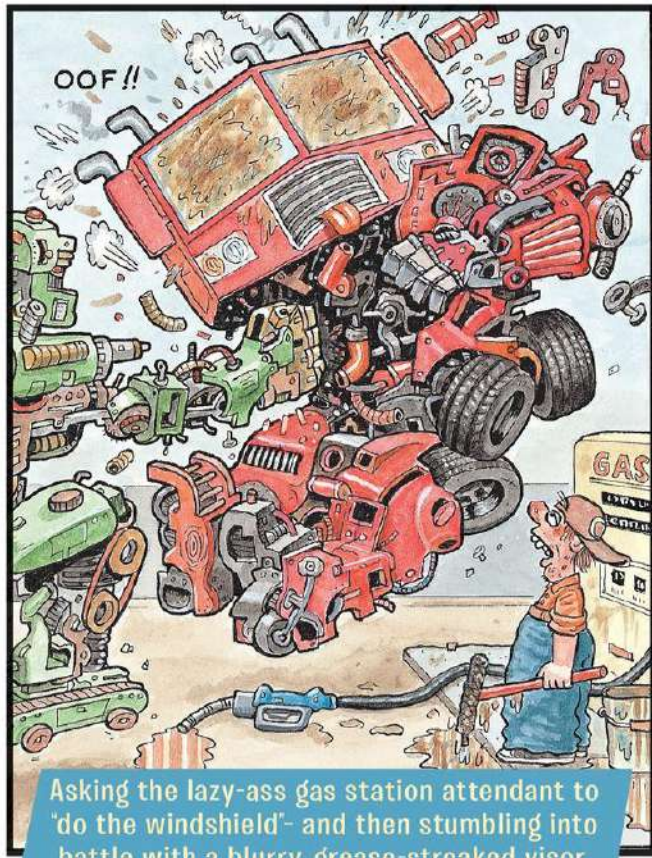
Trying to look intimidating with a bunch of pizzeria flyers jammed under your windshield wipers.



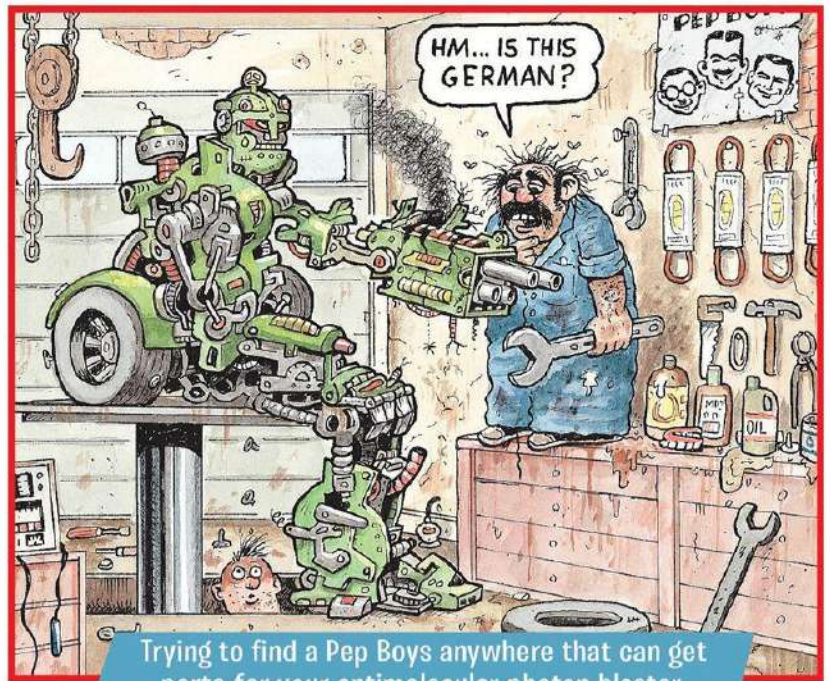
Taking a snooze in the wrong part of town and waking up hours later without your arms or legs.



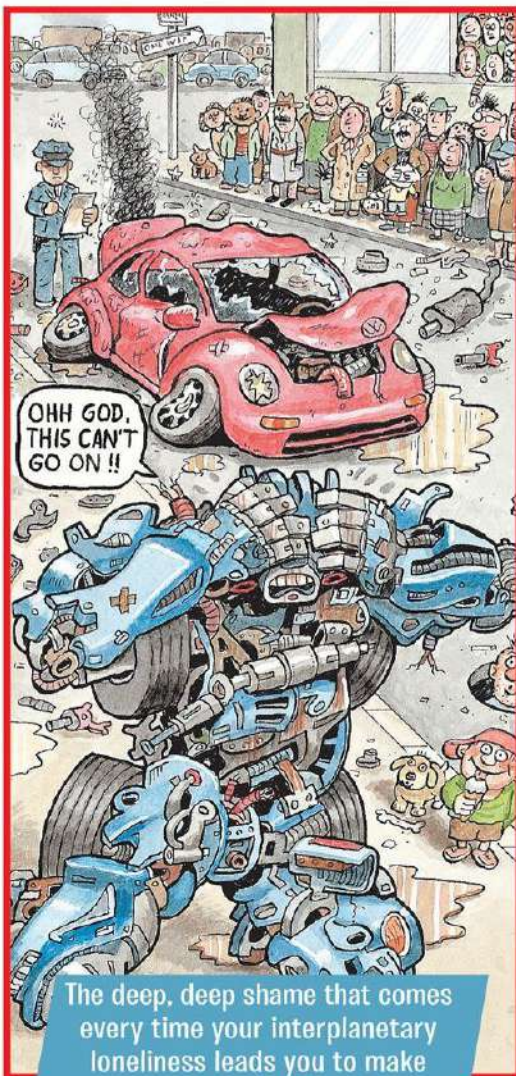
When your hands can turn into powerful laser-cannons, there's always a chance that accidental suicide is as close as your next nose-pick.



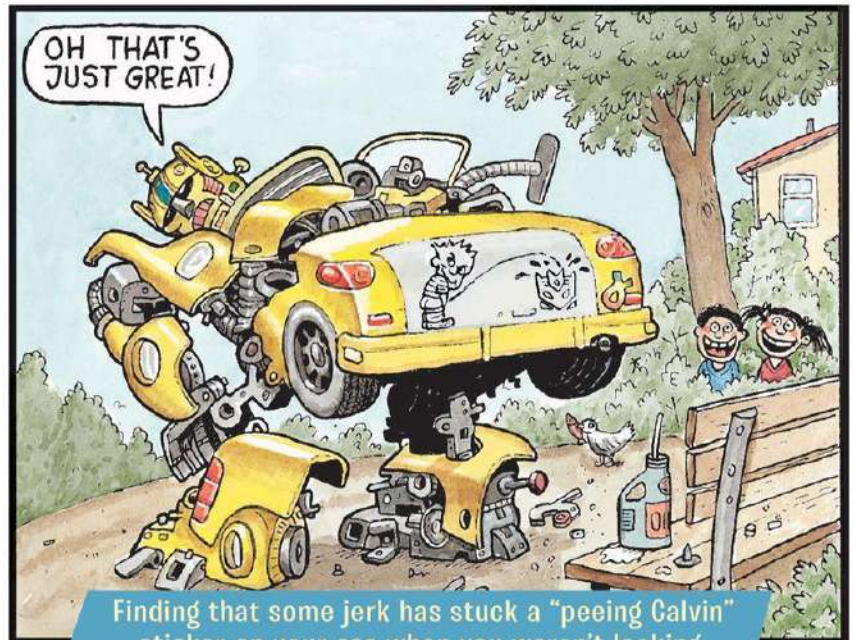
Asking the lazy-ass gas station attendant to "do the windshield" - and then stumbling into battle with a blurry, grease-streaked visor.



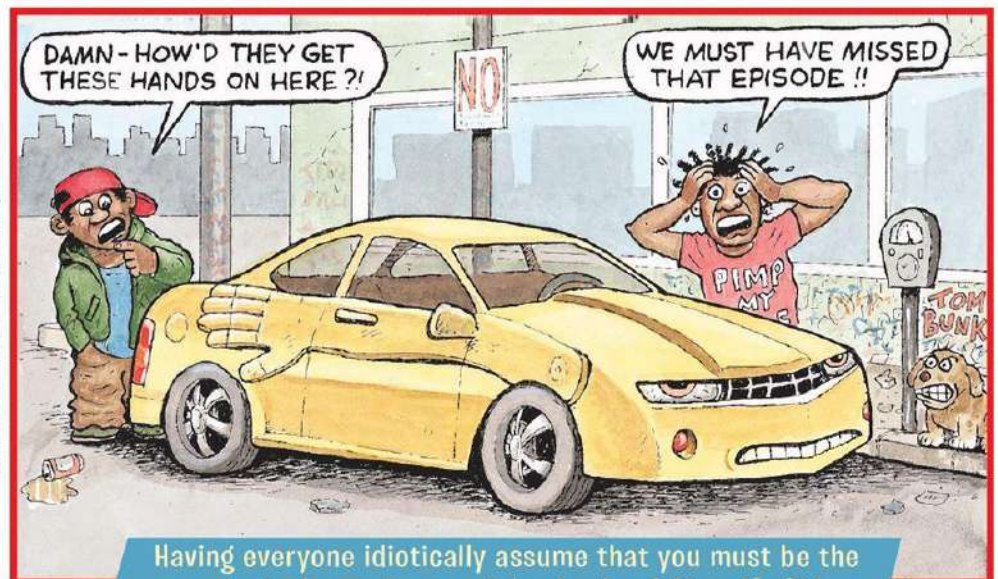
Trying to find a Pep Boys anywhere that can get parts for your antimolecular photon blaster.



The deep, deep shame that comes every time your interplanetary loneliness leads you to make out with a VW Beetle.



Finding that some jerk has stuck a "peeing Calvin" sticker on your ass when you weren't looking.

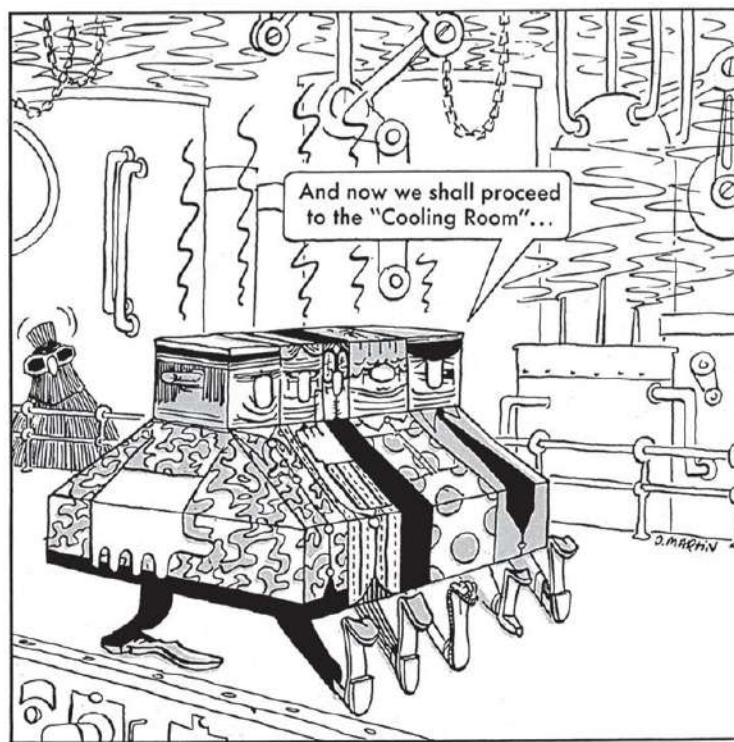
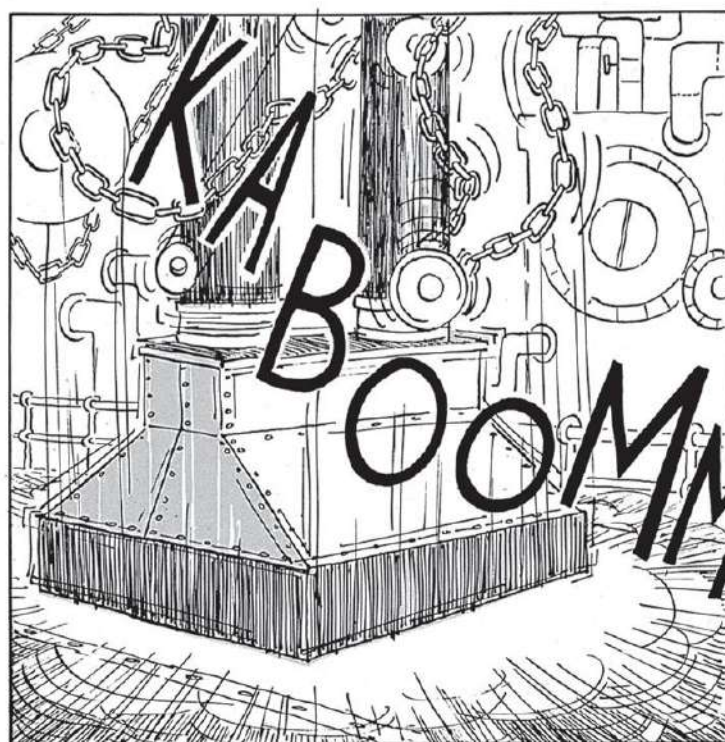
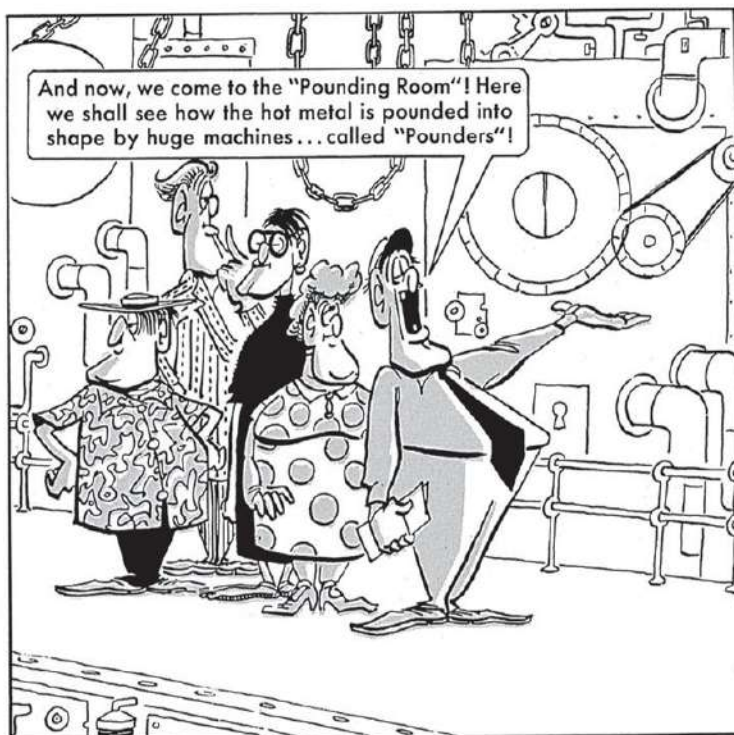


Having everyone idiotically assume that you must be the product of an extra-special episode of *Pimp My Ride*.

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #480, AUG 2007



A GUIDED TOUR THROUGH A STEEL FOUNDRY



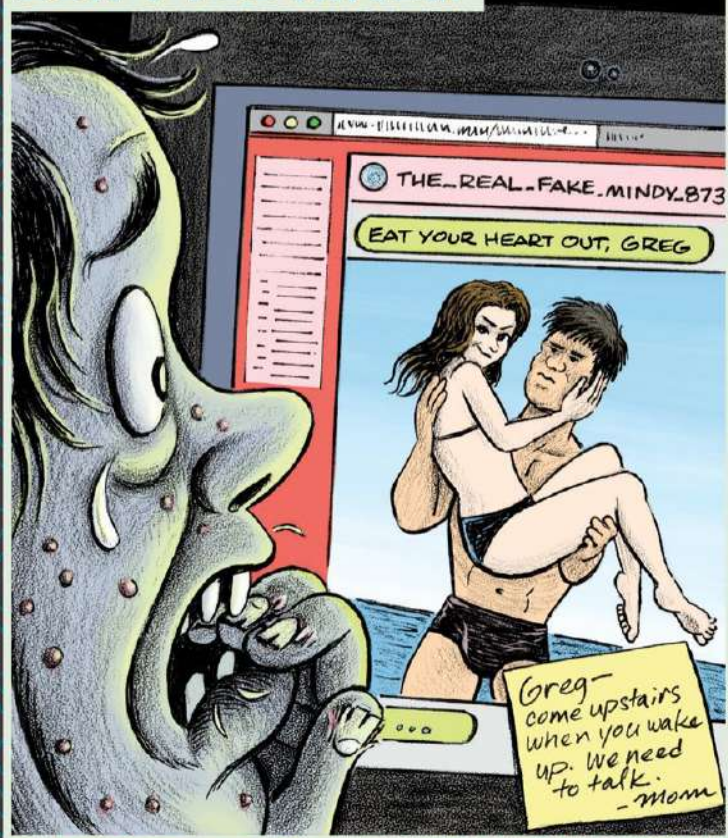


Hey, gang! Here we go with another MAD Hate Book, a little literary gem to help you blow off steam about your pet grievances. This one's for those who not only embrace all the tech advancements that come our way but truly take advantage of them. It's...

THE MAD ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE HATE BOOK

WRITER & ARTIST JOHNNY SAMPSON

DON'T YOU HATE...



...when the deepfake you made of your ex-girlfriend starts seeing other guys?

DON'T YOU HATE...



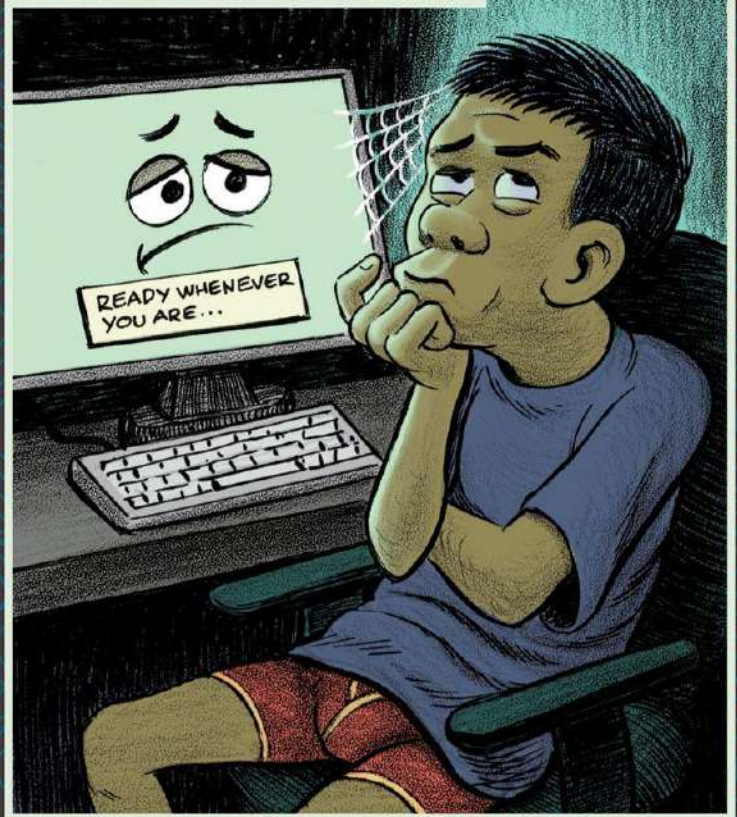
...when people don't recognize your skill as an A.I. artist?

DON'T YOU HATE...



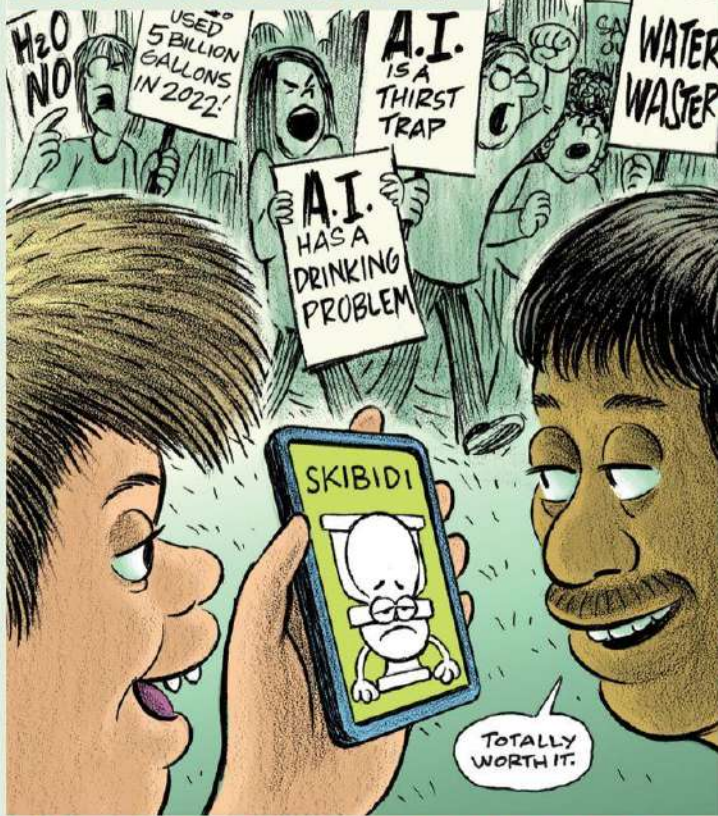
...how A.I. hallucinations are cooler than any you've ever had?

DON'T YOU HATE...



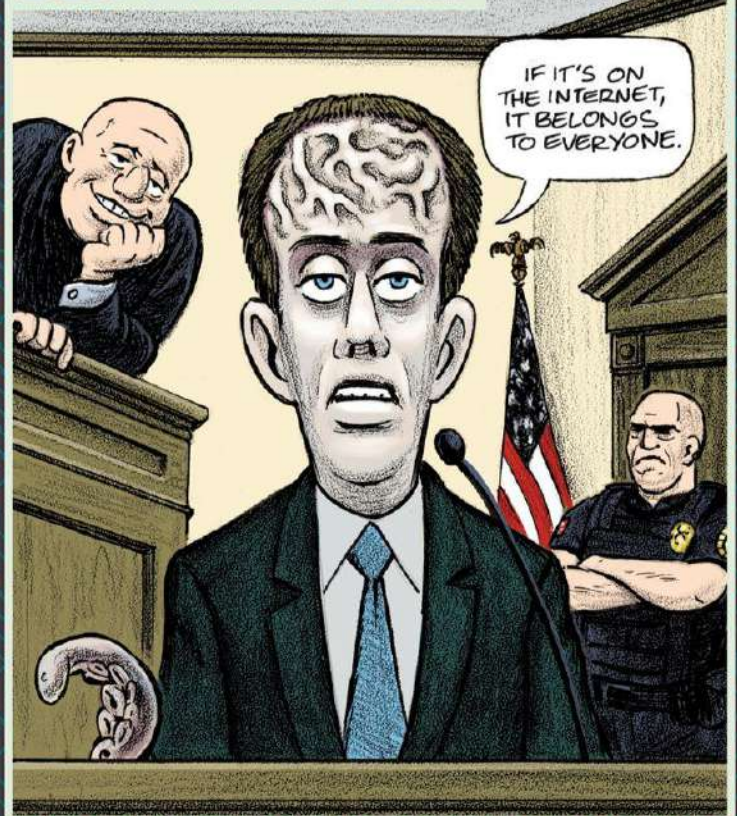
...when you can't think of any good prompts for A.I. to write your final term paper?

DON'T YOU HATE...



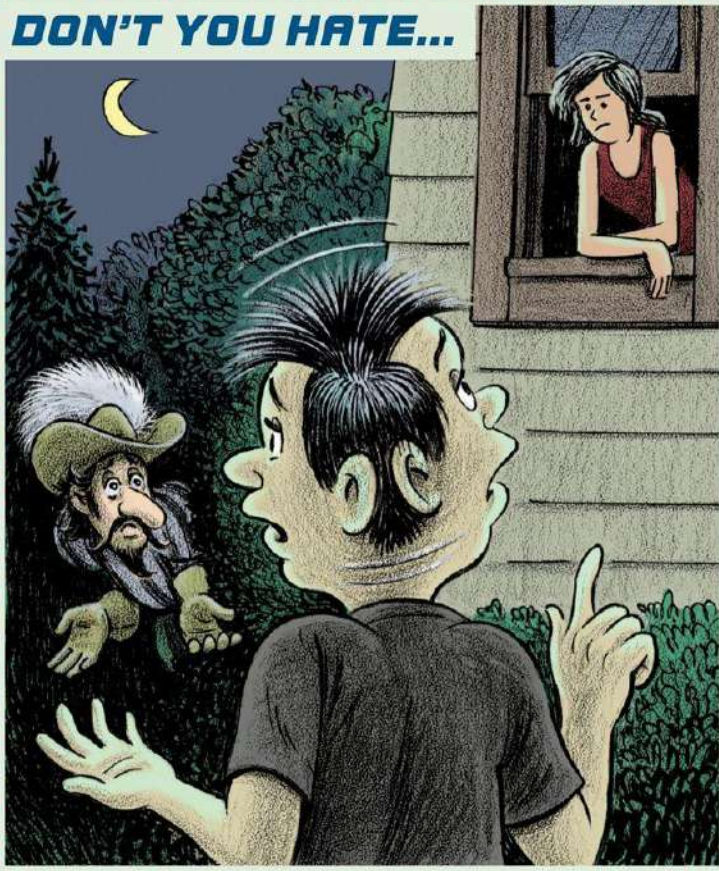
...worrywarts who fret about how much water A.I. servers use for every dank meme you make?

DON'T YOU HATE...



...when your tech company is sued for using millions of "copyrighted" images without permission?

DON'T YOU HATE...



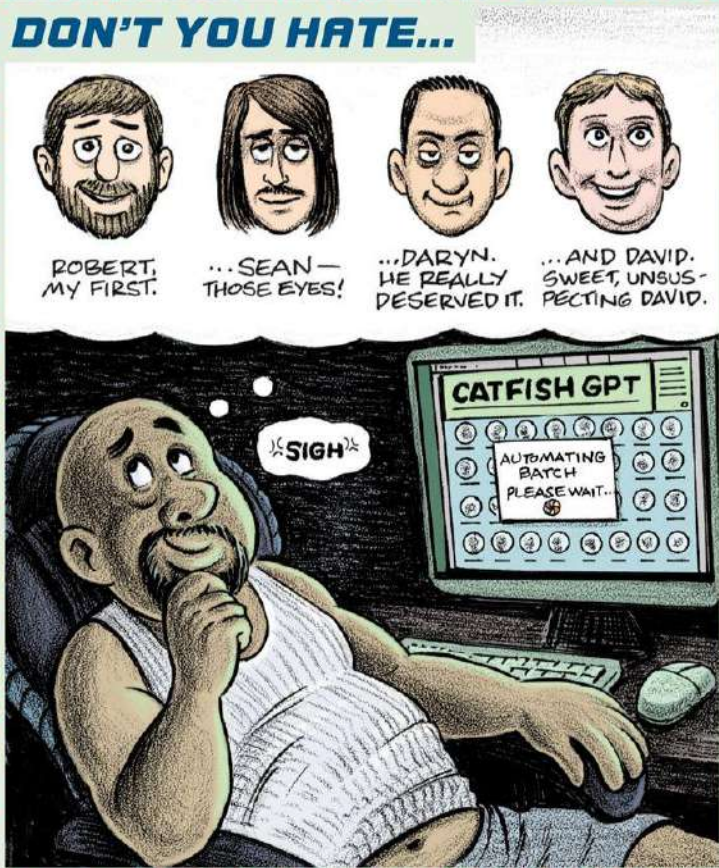
...when you don't have access to a chatbot and actually have to think for yourself?

DON'T YOU HATE...



...how your virtual date is so realistic even she thinks you're a loser?

DON'T YOU HATE...



...how A.I. makes catfishing easier, but you just don't feel that special connection anymore?

DON'T YOU HATE...



...how A.I. was supposed to make life easier but so far it's been the opposite?



It's the Spielberg-by-way-of-Kubrick theory that in the future, in order to keep the world's population down, people will be offered a stark choice: either don't have children, or adopt robotic ones. The good news is that the robotic runts are life-like, loving and already toilet trained! The bad news is that they get on your nerves from day one, never grow up and never move out of the house—which is why the very idea of taking one of these little buggers home is the sheer height of...

I'm Professor Hubby, Chief Engineer at CyberCynics. We just released our latest model, DaveNocchio, a Mecha 11-year-old boy. Getting this super-advanced Mechaboy to love was easy. Getting it to be loved back from cold, self-centered parents was another thing! But then, that's par for the course in the real world!

I'm DaveNocchio, the most advanced Mecha ever built. I can run, laugh, and I can even think. I cost about a billion dollars to perfect. It would have been nice if they spent an extra five bucks to give me the ability to blink. My eyes are killing me! One other thing. I don't have the ability to sleep, which is horrible! Imagine sitting through this film without having the ability to snooze. Sheer torture!

I'm Momica, the mother of a very sick son. My husband has the nerve to think a Mecha could replace him. I know I wouldn't have to feed a Mecha, clean up after him, or wash his dirty clothes. And the Mecha would do all the housework. All the shopping! All the cooking! Hmm...Maybe it's time we pulled the plug and took our real son off life support!



My wife hates the Mecha because she feels I'm trying to substitute him for our real son. I hate the Mecha for my own reasons. He's supposed to be mechanical, and yet he can act better than me. I'm not nutty about Eveready the Bear, either. He has 100 times more screen time than I do! Robots may not be taking over the planet, but they sure are taking over the plum movie roles!

I'm Eveready the Bear, the mandatory cuddly, licensable character in every Spielberg film. I am a super toy! I have the looks of an Ewok, the charm of C3PO and for some inexplicable reason, the voice of Hannibal Lecter!

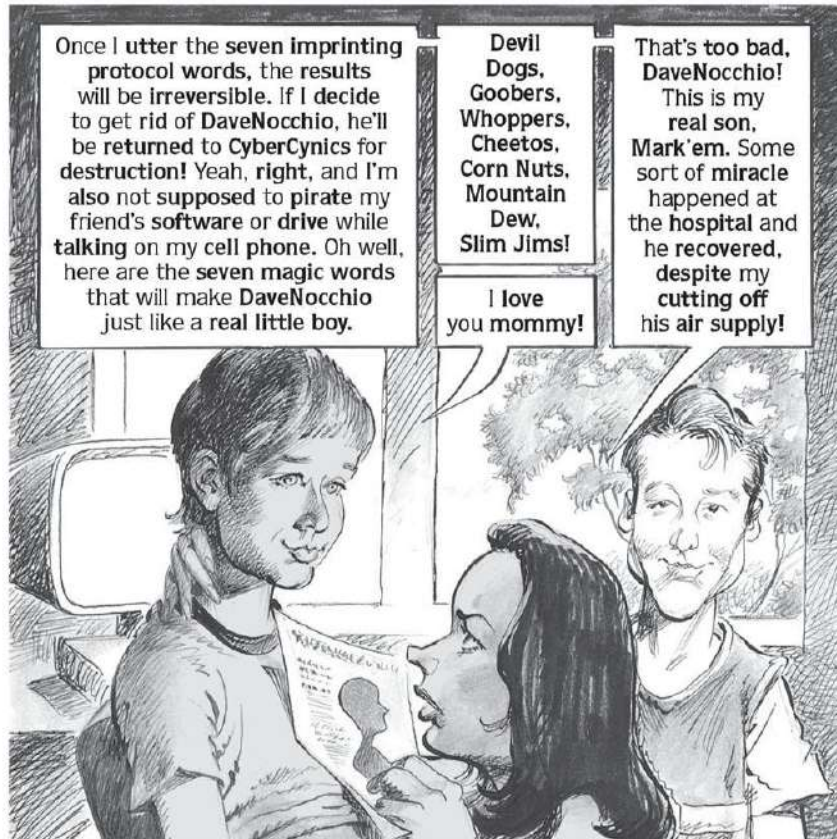
I'm Giggle-Low Joe. I'm handsome. I'm hot, and I'm an expert lover who can get it on several times a day. And I never fall asleep afterwards. Instead, I want to cuddle! That's the dead giveaway to women that I'm a robot and not a real man!

I'm Mark'em, the real, human son. But I'm in a coma, so I can't utter anything here. But I hope to recover in the next few panels to inject some life into this movie!

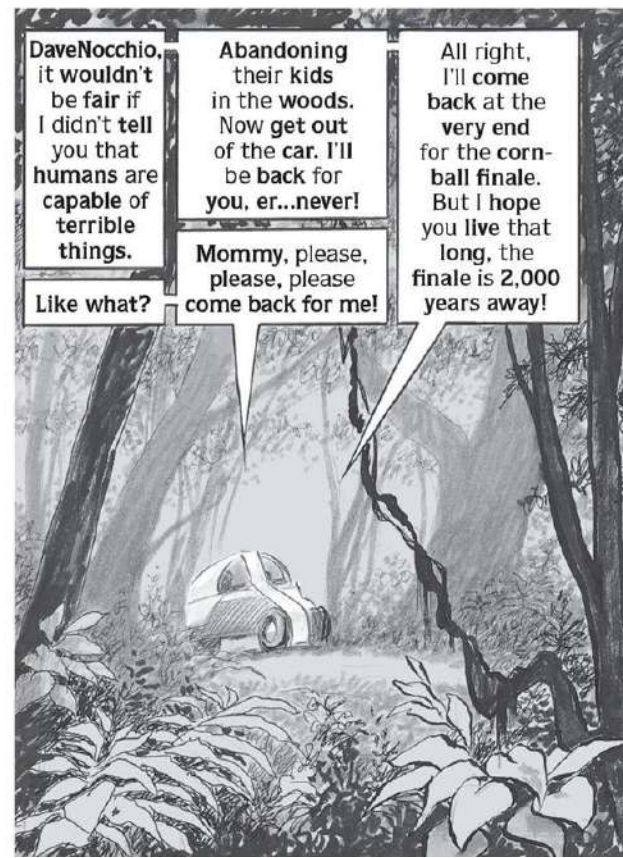
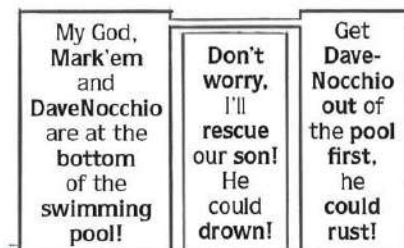
MAX KORN
ORT DRUCKER
ROBOT

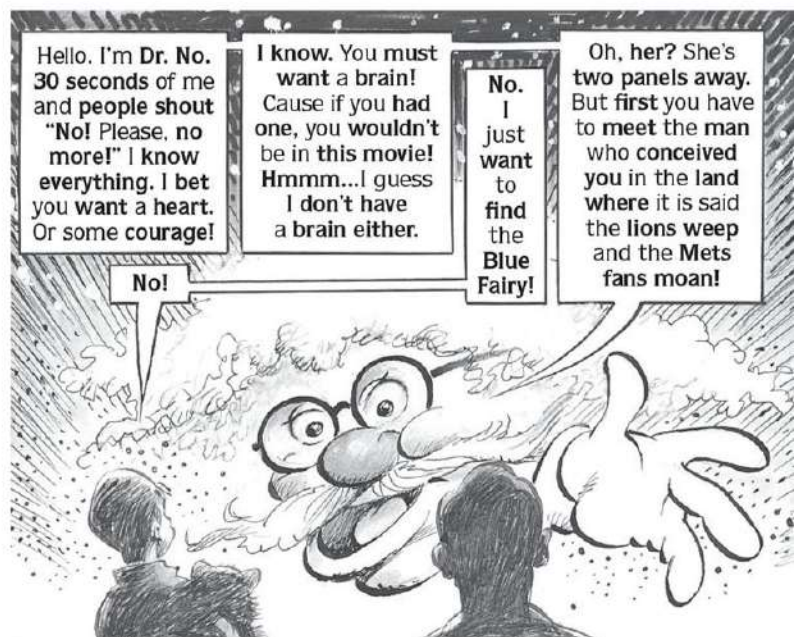
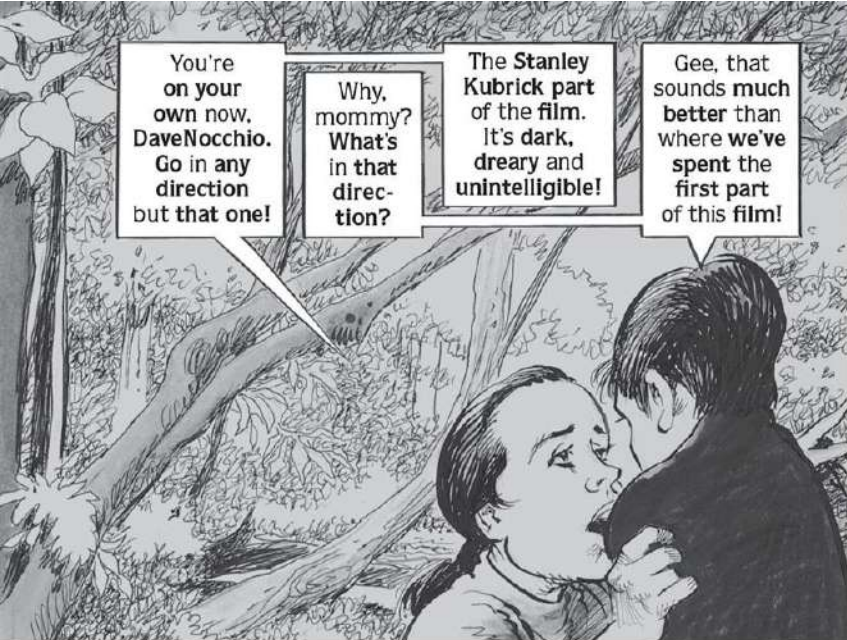
A.I. ABSOLUTE IDIOCY

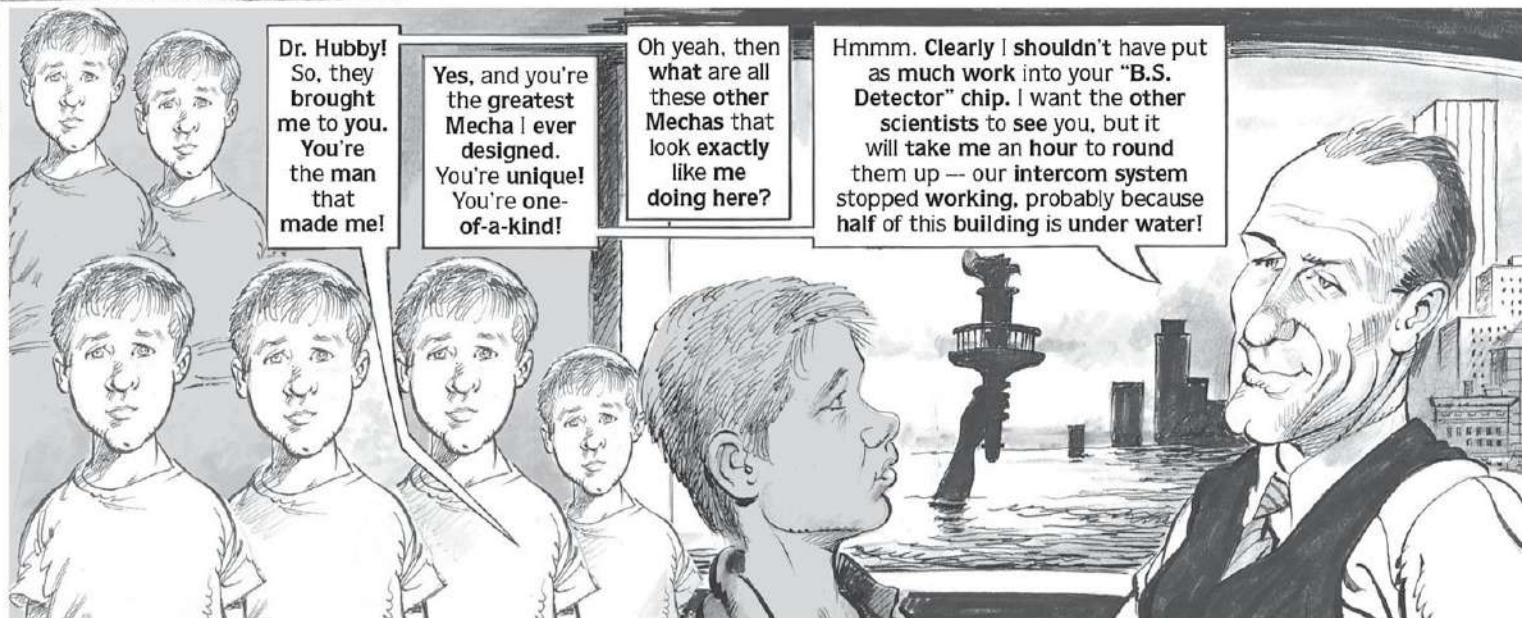
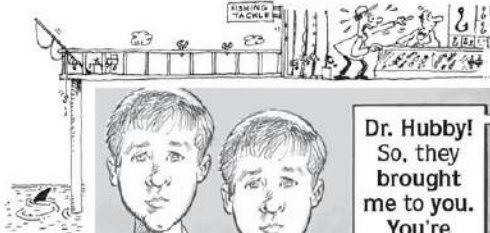
WRITER **DICK DEBARTOLO**
ARTIST **MORT DRUCKER**



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #410, OCT 2001





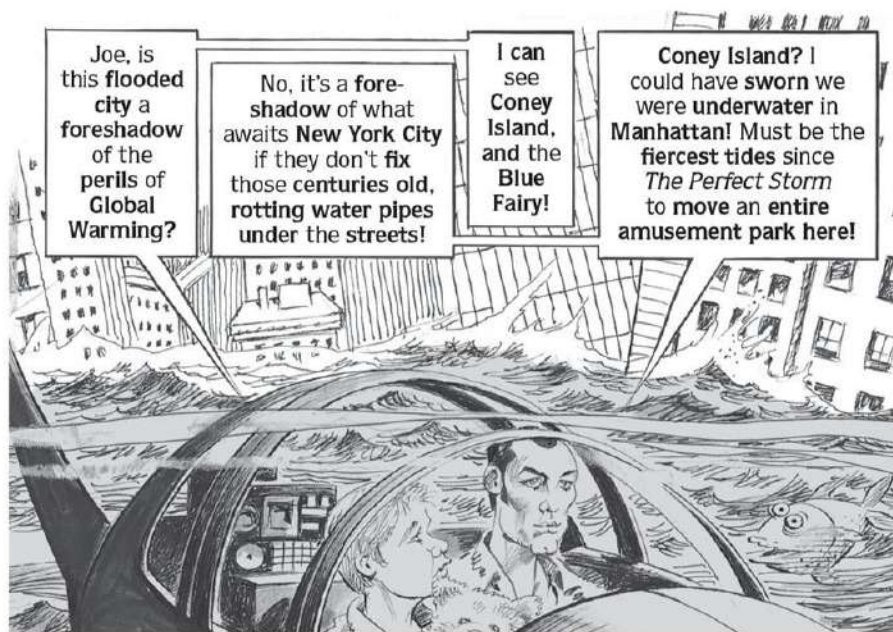


Dr. Hubby!
So, they
brought
me to you.
You're
the man
that
made me!

Yes, and you're
the greatest
Mecha I ever
designed.
You're unique!
You're one-
of-a-kind!

Oh yeah, then
what are all
these other
Mechas that
look exactly
like me
doing here?

Hmmm. Clearly I shouldn't have put
as much work into your "B.S.
Detector" chip. I want the other
scientists to see you, but it
will take me an hour to round
them up — our intercom system
stopped working, probably because
half of this building is under water!



Joe, is
this flooded
city a
foreshadow
of the
perils of
Global
Warming?

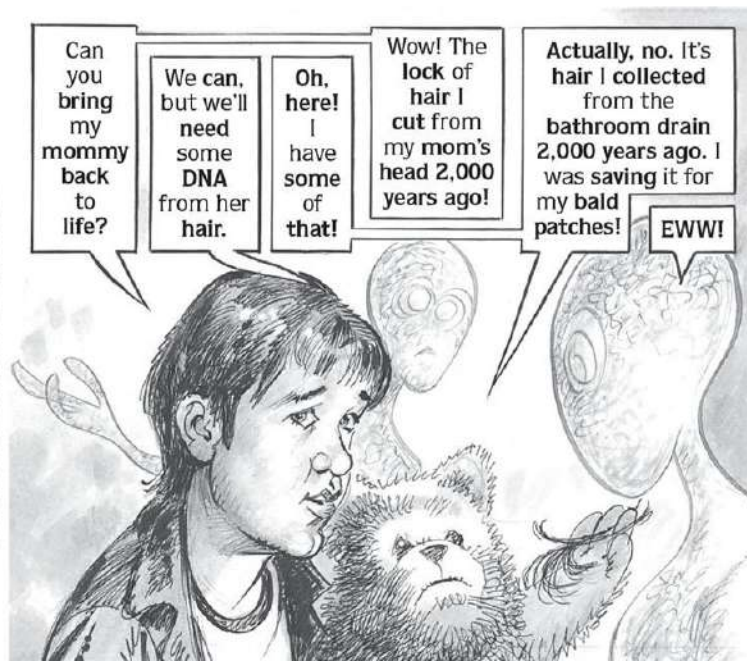
No, it's a fore-
shadow of what
awaits New York City
if they don't fix
those centuries old,
rotting water pipes
under the streets!

I can
see
Coney
Island,
and the
Blue
Fairy!

Coney Island? I
could have sworn we
were underwater in
Manhattan! Must be the
fiercest tides since
The Perfect Storm
to move an entire
amusement park here!



DaveNocchio prayed for the Blue Fairy to turn
him into a real boy until all the fish died and
the ocean froze over. And the audience prayed
they would get out before they too died.
What seemed like 2,000 years passed, for
those on the screen, and those watching the
screen. Finally his prayer was heard by weird
robots of the future, who looked liked beings
that we've had "close encounters" with before!



Can
you
bring
my
mommy
back
to
life?

We can,
but we'll
need
some
DNA
from her
hair.

Oh,
here!
I
have
some
of
that!

Wow! The
lock of
hair I
cut from
my mom's
head 2,000
years ago!

Actually, no. It's
hair I collected
from the
bathroom drain
2,000 years ago. I
was saving it for
my bald patches!

EWWI!



Mommy,
you're
back!
Can
you
help
me
"feel
love"?

Come
here,
sweet-
heart!
Put your
head on my
shoulder!

Ohhhhh,
mommy...
You're
going
to
hug me
tight?

Not really. If you put
your head on my
shoulder, I'll be able
to push that little
button on your neck
labeled "Off"! I should
have thought of this
2,000 years ago!



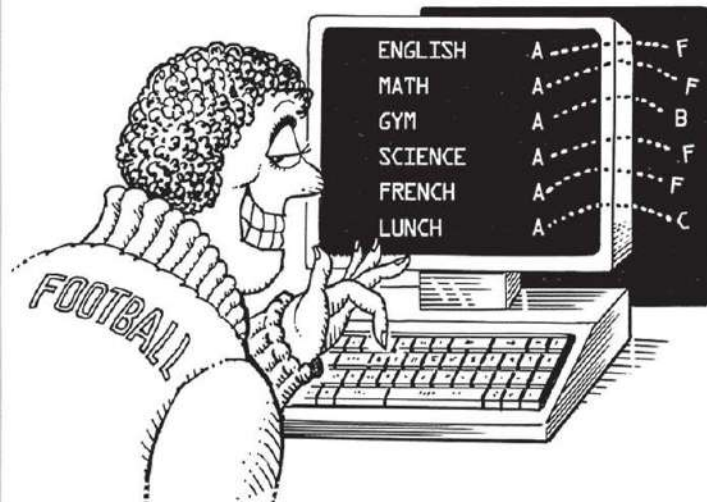
SPECIAL COMPUTER SECTION STARTS HERE!!

THE MAD COMPUTER PRIMER



WRITER JOHN BONI ARTIST AL JAFFEE

CHAPTER ONE



See the *computer expert*!

He spends *all his time* at his computer.

He doesn't spend *any time* studying.

He can't do *math*.

He can barely *read*.

He thinks Huckleberry Finn is a new *ice cream flavor*.

Yet he gets *straight "A's"* in *all his courses*.

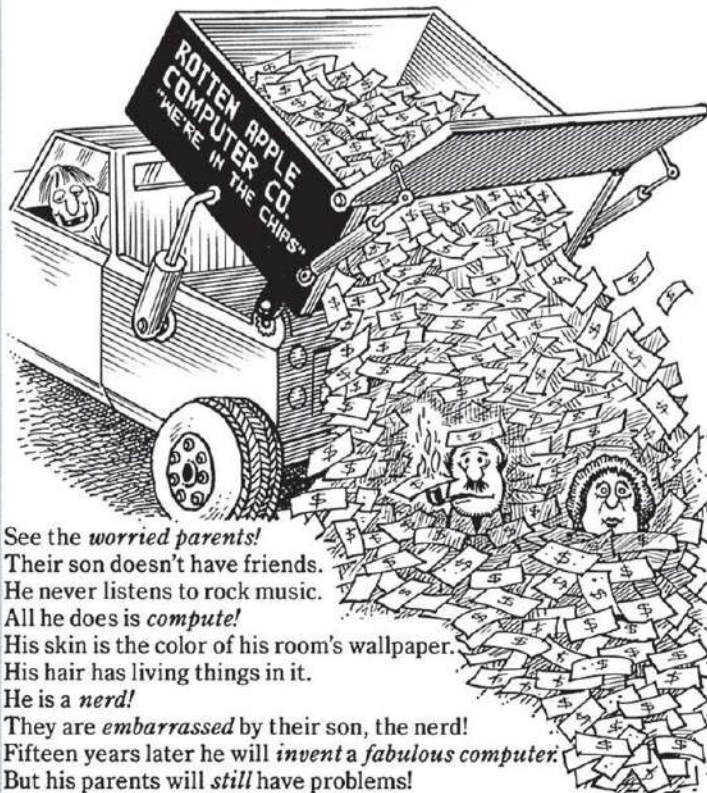
How does he do this?

Because of his *expertise* with the *computer*?

Yes—but not the way *you think*!

He doesn't have to learn his *subjects*. He's learned something *more important*! Mainly, how to *change his grades* by tapping into the *school's computer*!

CHAPTER FOUR



See the *worried parents*!

Their son doesn't have *friends*.

He never listens to *rock music*.

All he does is *compute*!

His skin is the color of his room's *wallpaper*.

His hair has *living things* in it.

He is a *nerd*!

They are *embarrassed* by their son, the *nerd*!

Fifteen years later he will *invent a fabulous computer*.

But his parents will *still* have problems!

Because their son will still be a *nerd*?

No! Because they'll still have problems *spending all the money* his company makes!

CHAPTER FIVE



See the *novelist* at work on his *word processor*!

See his *faithful dog*, Fang.

The novelist is *struggling* to write a *difficult chapter*.

Fang is *struggling* through the *computer cord*.

The novelist finally completes the *difficult chapter*.

Fang finally bites through the *computer cord*.

The novelist's *difficult chapter disappears forever*!

So does his faithful dog, Fang!

CHAPTER TWO



See the *comparison shopper* buying a computer!

He made phone calls.

He talked to friends.

He analyzed the specifications.

He made an intelligent selection.

He only spent two thousand dollars.

The day after he bought his computer, the company came out with a *new model!*

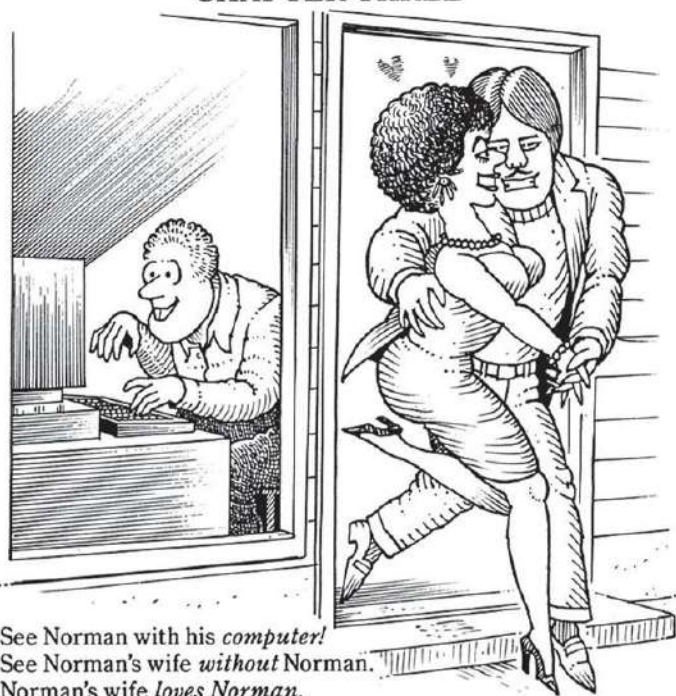
Twice as powerful!

Half the price!

See the *comparison shopper* *comparison shopping* again.

This time for a *stomach specialist* to help him with his *ulcer!*

CHAPTER THREE



See Norman with his *computer!*

See Norman's wife *without* Norman.

Norman's wife *loves* Norman.

She *doesn't* love his *computer*.

Norman spent *more time* with his *computer* than with his *wife*.

They fought about it a lot.

Then the problem was *solved*.

Norman's wife learned to *love computers* too.

Through a *computer dating service*, she found herself a great *boyfriend!*

CHAPTER SIX



See the *home computer!*

It only costs seven hundred dollars.

See the man who has withdrawn seven hundred dollars from his bank to *buy that computer*.

Then he learned that price doesn't include the printer.

Nor does it include the printer paper.

It doesn't include the ribbons.

Or the connector cable.

Ditto the monitor, the software, the disks, the dust cover, or the surge suppressor.

It doesn't include two hours instruction.

All that *extra stuff* costs *extra*.

See the man at the *bank*.

He's quickly becoming a *computer expert!*

With the *home computer* he bought?

No, with the *bank computer* he uses to make all his *withdrawals!*

CHAPTER SEVEN



See the *computer hacker!*

He had *fun* tapping into banks, schools and data bases.

He had *fun* changing things around.

He had *fun* changing some patient's *prescription* in a *hospital computer* and sent the patient into a *coma*.

Now the hacker's having fun in *prison!*

How come?

He's still *computing!* How many days are there in a *ninety year sentence!*?



Ah, the holidays. The anticipation, the jubilation, the family relations, and now the humiliation. Yes, the Christmas card featuring the whole fam wearing the same merry pajamas has (unfortunately) become quite the trend. But look behind the smiles and into the minds of those festive faces and you'll find...



Seven months, two weeks, three days, and six and a half hours until I move into my dorm and out of this temple of mortification.



I wonder how quickly these stupid pajamas would burst into flames if my sister lit one of her bowls right now?



This is so unfair. I cannot believe they are keeping my phone until we are done with pictures! It's like a prison in this house, seriously. I'm sure baby Jesus wouldn't steal my phone!



Tonight I pee directly on Mom's pillow.

WHAT LIES THE MATCHING HOLIDAY P



S BEHIND NG~JAMMIES PORTRAIT!



She promised to do the thing she hates to do. She promised to do the thing she hates to do. She promised to do the thing she hates to do. She promised...



Oh my god. I am so stoned. This was a bad idea. I am so intensely aware of the abomination I am involved in here. Oh my god, my gum isn't in my mouth anymore. Wait, I think I swallowed my teeth...



I really think the kids are enjoying this! It's going to be the sweetest card ever. And Ted is such a pushover! He's still waiting for me to do that thing I said I'd do when I had him get rid of the paneling in the basement! What smells like skunk in here?!



Seventeen years, two weeks, three days, and six and a half hours until I move into my dorm—if they have any money left.





Where *Not* to Go on Your WINTER



DRIPLEY'S BELIEVABLE MUSEUM

Springfield, Missouri

Prepare to **not** be amazed as you see a life-sized replica of a cat born with four legs and one head, a photo of a rock shaped exactly like a stone, and much, much more.

There's also a small auditorium where you can watch films about non-incredible people, such as the man who memorized his entire phone number. The gift shop sells many ordinary items, including a T-shirt with the museum's slogan, "You Will Believe." Well, we can't argue with that.

THE SUPERMARKET EXPERIENCE

Henderson, Nevada

This interactive, 3-D attraction puts visitors in a modern retail food setting, where they push metal carts through aisles displaying products that can be held, examined, and even purchased! Okay, it's really just a plain, boring supermarket, except this one charges you \$7.50 to get in.



BROCCO-FEST

Happy Valley, Oregon

Every year, this festival pays tribute to the world's least-favorite vegetable. Visit over 50 booths run by folks who have nothing better to do than make stuff out of broccoli. You can try broccoli pie, broccoli ice cream, even broccoli dog food.

Also, each year, they honor a young lady as "Miss Brocco-Fest," and you really don't want to see her. The festival mails out color brochures every January, so if you get one in the mail, do not let your parents see it.



BREAK VACATION

WRITER **JEFF KRUSE**
ARTIST **BOB STAAKE**



THE DINO PITS

Watonga, Oklahoma

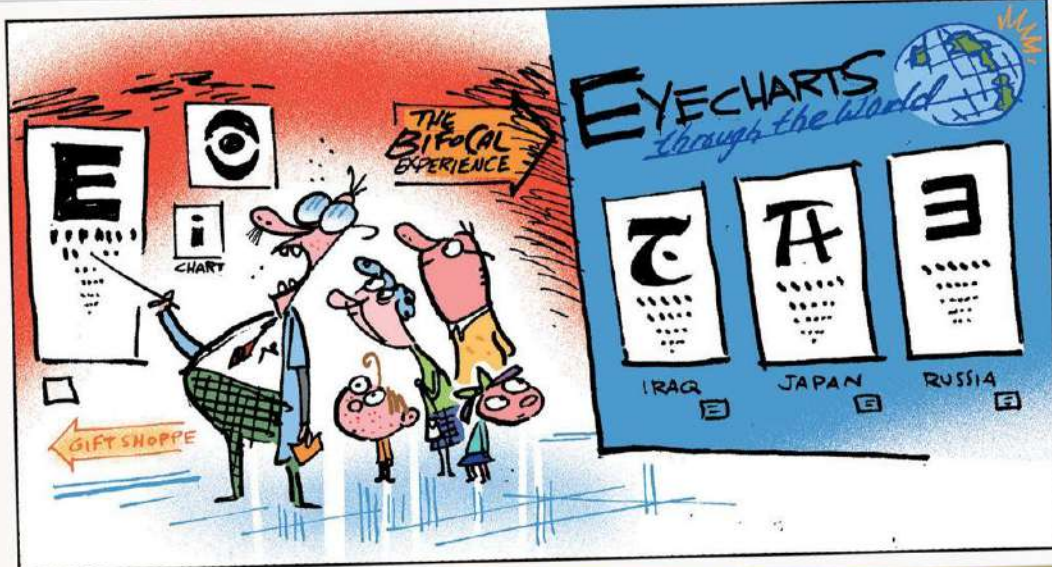
The Dino Pits were formed long, long ago, in 2003, when a truck carrying stuffed toy dinosaurs crashed into a truck carrying maple syrup. There's no cool T-Rex bones or bubbling tar, just a big, sticky mess on the side of the road. You might enjoy this spot if you like flies, however. There's lots of those.

OPTOMETRIST LAND

Akron, OH

A theme park devoted to those guys who make you read eye charts? Yes! Tour guides dressed as optometrists lead visitors on a tour of current and antique eye charts. A newly-opened wing spotlights eye charts from around the world.

Park guests may take the tour twice—once with their left eye closed and once with their right eye closed. The gift shop only sells eyeglass frames, lenses and contact lenses, but when you make your choice, you have to wait about an hour.



TAPWATER WORLD

Ocean Beach, Florida

Voted "The Least-Exciting Water Park in North America," Tapwater World actually brags about having "the world's shortest water slides." All of them are about six feet long, don't twist around, and end up in a small ditch filled with tapwater (that's where the name comes from). Our advice: stay home and take a long soak in your tub — you'll have just as much fun.



Scenes We'd Like to See

The Abominable Snowman



WRITER DON "DUCK" EDWING



ARTIST JOE ORLANDO



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #70, APR. 1962

Joe Orlando



In 1897, Marconi invented the first wireless radio, which enabled man to transmit his voice across space . . . while Sidney L. Kvetch was clearing his snow-covered walk with a shovel.



In 1923, V. K. Zworykin invented the image iconoscope, which enabled man to transmit pictures across space—while Sidney L. Kvetch Jr. cleared his snow-covered walk with a shovel.



In 1961, Wernher Von Braun developed a missile program which enabled man to transmit himself across space—while Sidney L. Kvetch III cleared his snow-covered walk with a shovel.



THIS IS KNOWN AS PROGRESS!

Nowadays, the only people who enjoy snowfalls are children, poets and nuts. The rest of us find it a drag. Northern communities suffer most because snow snarls traffic, wrecks business, and fills the streets with dirty wet slop. And how do we remove snow in this modern space age? Why, with that ingenious device, of course—the man with the shovel! Actually, this method succeeds in removing more people than snow, when you consider the number of heart attacks suffered by shovelers. However, there are great humanitarians hard at work solving this problem . . . recognizing that there's plenty of dough to be made if they can come up with an invention which would be the answer to—

MORE EFFICIENT SNOW REMOVAL

WRITER **AL JAFFEE** ARTIST **BOB CLARKE**

HEAVY SNOWFALLS PARALYZE MODERN LIFE

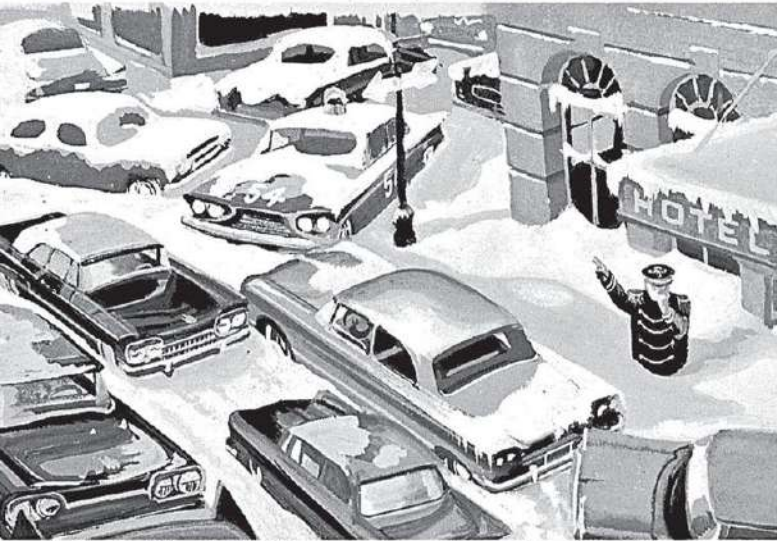


TYPICAL LITTLE TOWN PARALYZED BY SNOW: Although this typical little town looks picturesque and peaceful under

its blanket of snow, it is actually in terrible shape . . . mainly because this typical little town is New York City!

HOW HEAVY SNOWS PARALYZE

PARALYZED TRAFFIC



City traffic, locked in by snow, cannot budge. Of course, it cannot budge in summer either, but at least there are pretty girls in clinging dresses to watch while waiting.

PARALYZED CONSUMER TRADE



Naturally, retail businessmen suffer acutely during snow, except for a few opportunists who do well. Paralysis sets in when consumer hears prices of needed shovel, salt, etc.

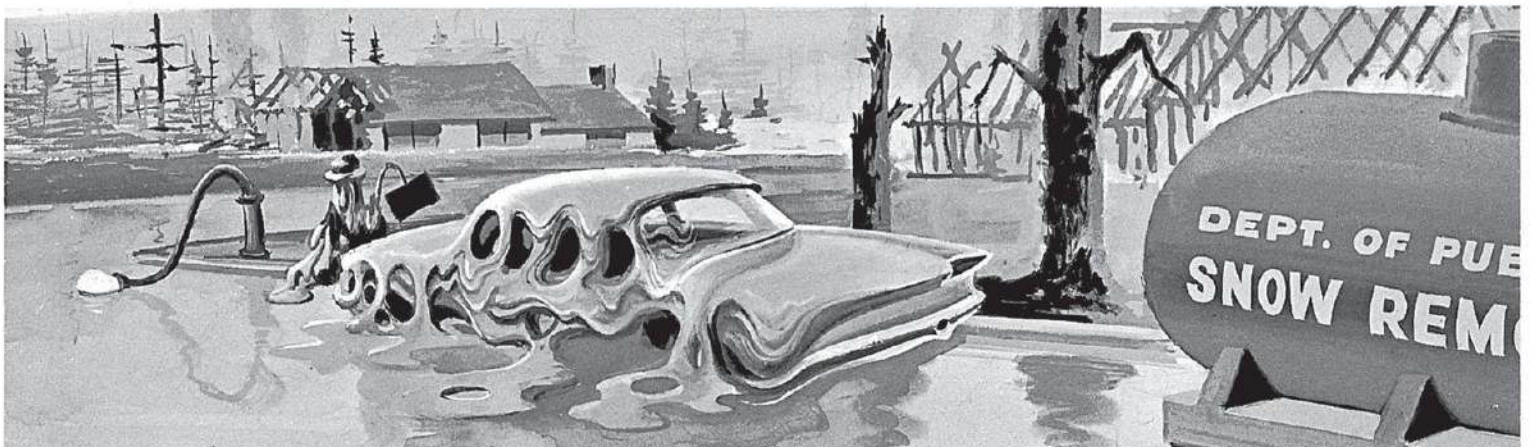
SUGGESTED SOLUTIONS TO

MODERN SCIENCE HAS COME UP

MECHANICAL SNOW MELTING PROCESS



This suggested solution involves a special machine which is mounted on a truck and shoots a jet stream of hot air at the snow. Of course, this jet stream must be quite hot, otherwise winter temperatures would render it ineffective.



Unfortunately, there are several drawbacks to this idea. First of all, if the jet stream of air is hot enough, it melts more than just the snow. Secondly, the melted snow soon freezes over again, locking everything in solid ice.

E MODERN LIFE IN THE CITY

PARALYZED COMMUTERS



Commuters in stalled trains are in real trouble. Hunger, coughing, tardiness are annoying. But real trouble comes from paralysis which sets in when heating systems fail.

PARALYZED PEDESTRIANS



Frigid weather accompanying snow forces many pedestrians to seek shelter and warming drink. Paralysis sets in when too many warming drinks turn pedestrians stiff as boards.

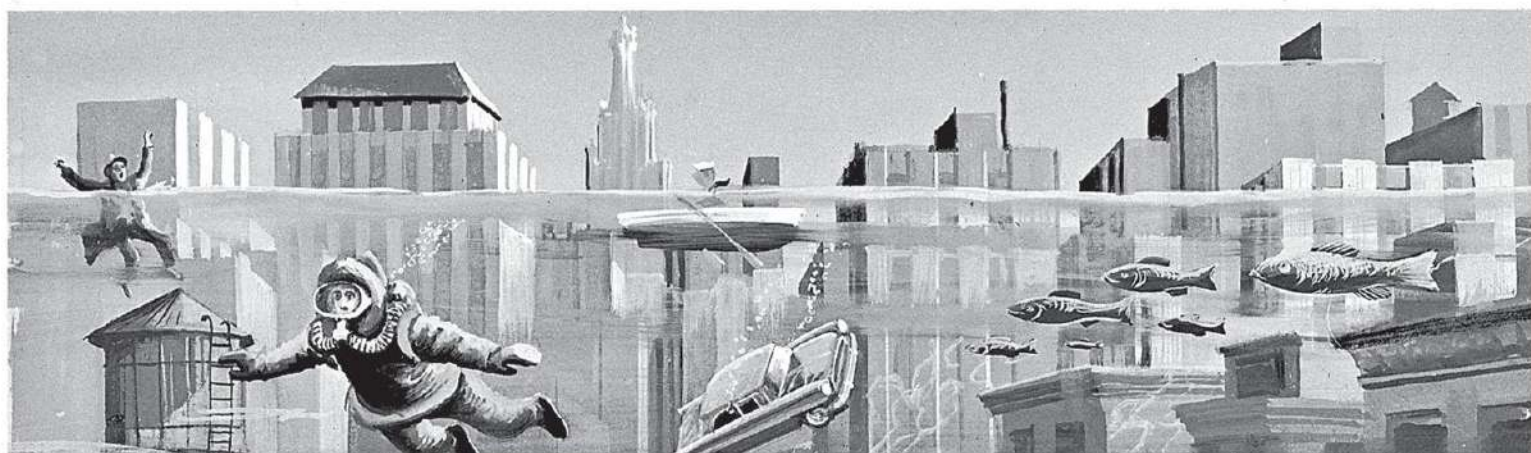
SNOW REMOVAL PROBLEM

WITH SOME POSSIBLE ANSWERS

CHEMICAL SNOW MELTING PROCESS



This ingenious solution requires the use of helicopters which sprinkle the city with thousands of gallons of some specially-developed chemical that melts snow and does not permit it to freeze again. This solves the snow problem.



Unfortunately, it does not solve the water problem, since there is no sewer system yet devised capable of handling that much melted snow at one time. Obviously, the present solutions to the problem of snow removal are inadequate.

MAD'S ULTIMATE SOLUTION TO THE PROBLEM OF SNOW REMOVAL

THIS BRILLIANT IDEA IS OFFERED BY THE EDITORS—FREE—AS A PUBLIC SERVICE



When Weather Bureau predicts imminent snowstorm, police, civil defense corps, etc., see to it that all city streets and sidewalks are immediately evacuated.



Thousands of dump trucks, previously chartered for just such an emergency, are then driven in and parked on every square inch of city streets and sidewalks.

When blizzard strikes and snow begins falling, it merely fills up the trucks. Then, after the storm passes, all they do is drive away and dump their loads.





FROSTY THE SNOWPERSON

Why have you made me emotionally capable of love, but not *physically* capable?

Well I wanted to give you a penis but he said you should be gender non-normative.

Would you like some nipples? *Everyone* has those.

WRITER & ARTIST JON ADAMS

No, I want arms that are strong enough to tip my hat to a passing woman.

I think if you take the magic hat off you die.

Can you shape me into something more realistic? Or at least capable of hugging?

Sure!

Hours later...

You call these *arms*? And look at the rest of me. What have you done?!

Too many cooks in the kitchen, I guess. We're not professional sculptors.

Some people would be grateful to be brought to life. If you're *that* dissatisfied, just wait until spring and you'll melt away.

That spring...

Help! It didn't work!

I'm still alive but now I'm just a puddle. *Hello?*

The End



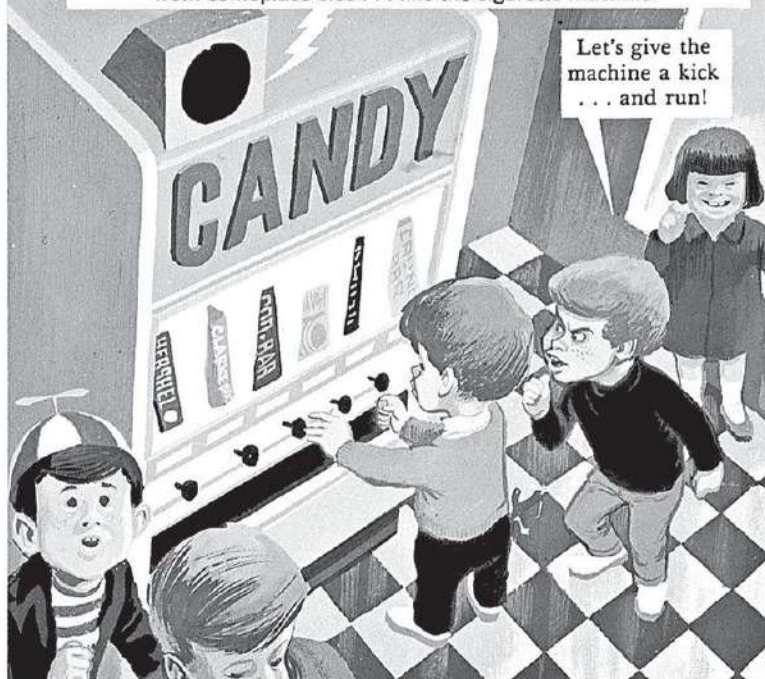
Hooray for the 20th century. Automation has made man obsolete. What service can a human being the cool efficiency of modern automated machines, there seems to be something missing—mainly, the automatic self-service elevator, somehow we miss the dull conversation of the chatty elevator man

LET'S *HUMANIZE* THOSE

HUMANIZING THE CANDY MACHINE THAT HAS REPLACED THE COLORFUL CANDY STORE OWNER

Don't lean against the glass! Who's supposed to wipe off your greasy fingerprints? How much money have you got? Show me! Okay, hurry up, make your selection, and get out! I haven't got all day! Come in here with a lousy dime and think you own the place. And don't think I'm not wise to your tricks! If you want something to steal, steal it from someplace else . . . like the cigarette machine!

Let's give the machine a kick . . . and run!



THE AIRPORT INSURANCE MACHINE THAT HAS REPLACED THE MAUDLIN INSURANCE AGENT

Congratulations! Obviously, you are a person who takes his responsibilities to his family seriously. If, God forbid, something should happen to you, your loved ones are now protected. And if, God forbid, something should happen to you, your children's college tuition will be provided. We must look upon insurance as a positive thing. No one knows what the future has in store. If, God forbid, something happened to you without insurance, how could you, God forbid, go someplace, God forbid, knowing that you had, God forbid, failed those who depend upon you?

God forbid I should take a plane! I'm going by train instead



HUMANIZING THE AUTOMATIC PILOT THAT REPLACES THE LIVE PILOT

Listen, baby, flying this bird is a piece of cake. When I was in the "Big Show"—that's what we fly- guys called World War II—I flew B-29's held together with chicken wire and spit. That was flying—with Jerries throwing up ack-ack and Messerschmidts coming in at 6 o'clock. But flying an airliner like this is kids' stuff. Even you could do it. Wanna try? Just sit down and put your cheek against the speaker. Comfy? Now, just keep the plane between those lights on either wingtip . . . and not one of the 198 passengers will ever suspect that a stewardess is flying this crate! Say, when we get to Paris, what hotel are you stopping at? Mine is real cozy and quiet. You'd love it!

This is better than a live pilot! A smoother line . . . and no hands!!



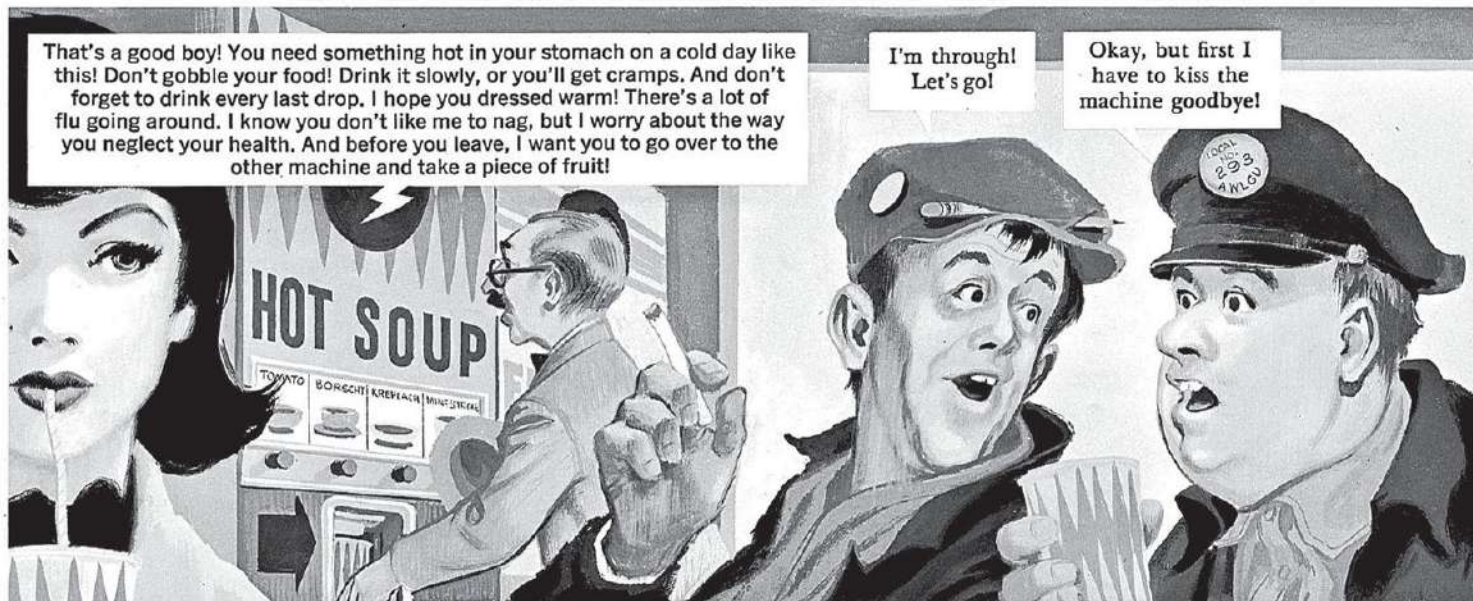
perform that can't be done better today by a machine (and don't get smutty, buster!)? But despite warmth and personality of the individual who once performed these services. When we step into an who once ran it. Why not bring all that back? F'rinstance, let's install tape recorders, and . . .



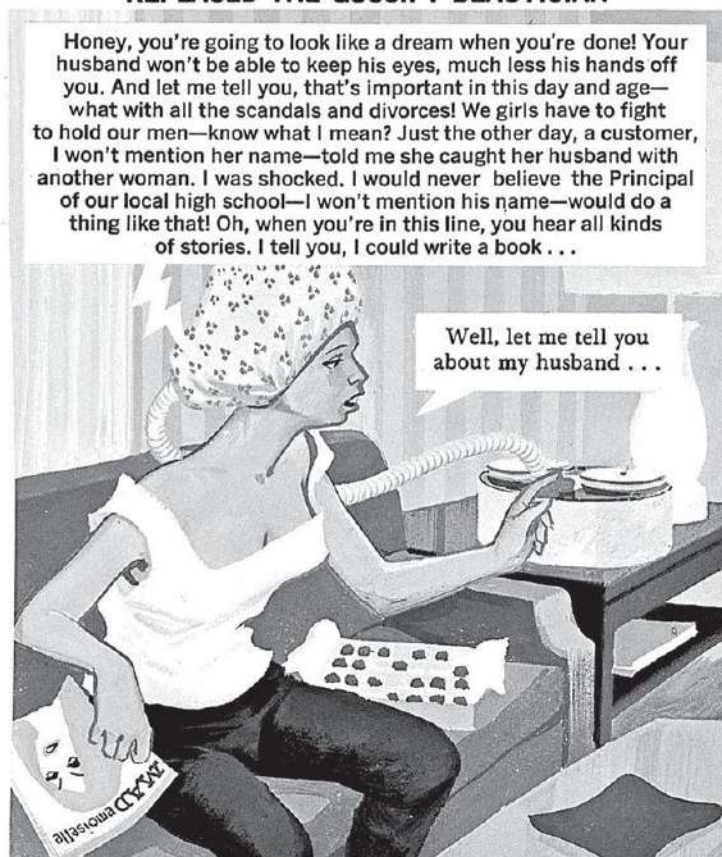
SE AUTOMATED MACHINES

WRITER **STAN HART** ARTIST **BOB CLARKE**

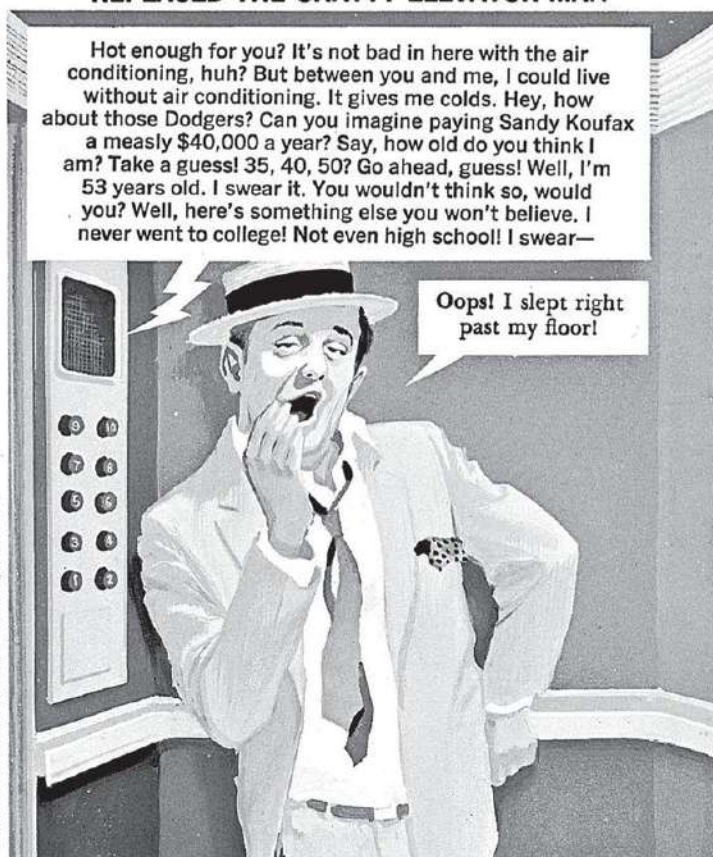
THE HOT SOUP MACHINE THAT HAS REPLACED THE OVERPROTECTIVE MOTHER



THE HOME HAIR DRYER THAT HAS REPLACED THE GOSSIPY BEAUTICIAN



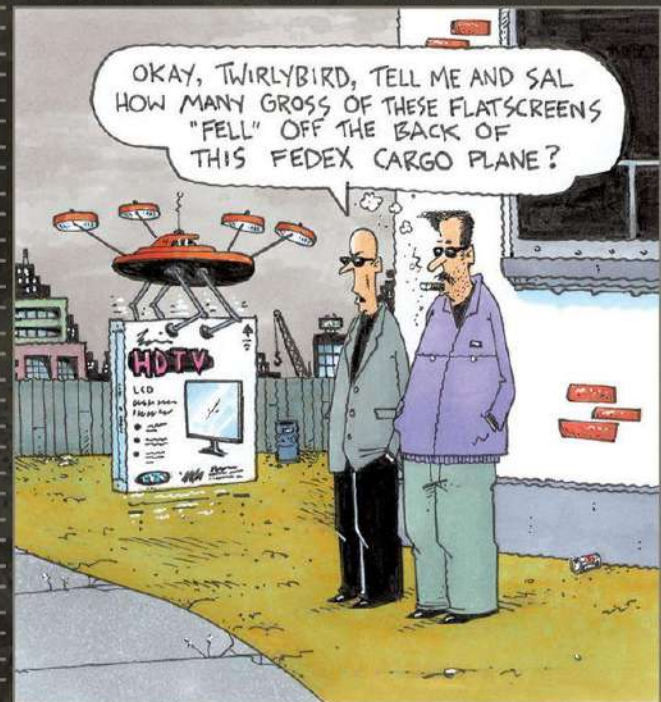
THE SELF-SERVICE ELEVATOR THAT HAS REPLACED THE CHATTY ELEVATOR MAN



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #99, DEC 1965



It flaunts all the personal information that it's hacked into through your Amazon account



It runs a little black market operation on the side



SHIP HAPPENS DEPT.

Many years ago, John (Hammerhead) Caldwell began chronicling the vile deeds being perpetrated on that have come under Caldwell's unforgiving microscope. Today, only a fool would argue that

WHEN DELIVERY



It sticks around for a while just to make sure that Victoria's Secret stuff fits okay



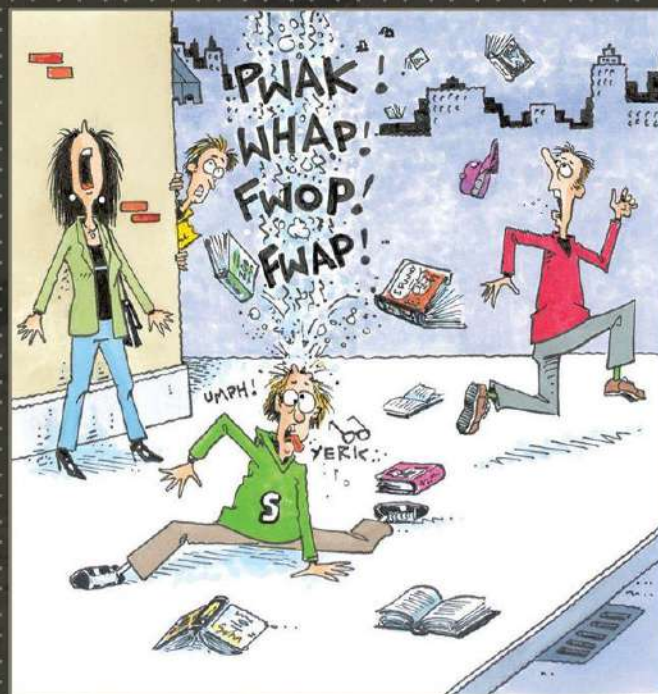
It cruelly bullies FedEx and UPS drivers



It makes highly inappropriate deliveries



unsuspecting good people by evil-doers. Priests, veterinarians and tattoo artists are just some of the groups the man isn't doing God's work. But more work remains, and the struggle continues. All hail Mr. Caldwell!



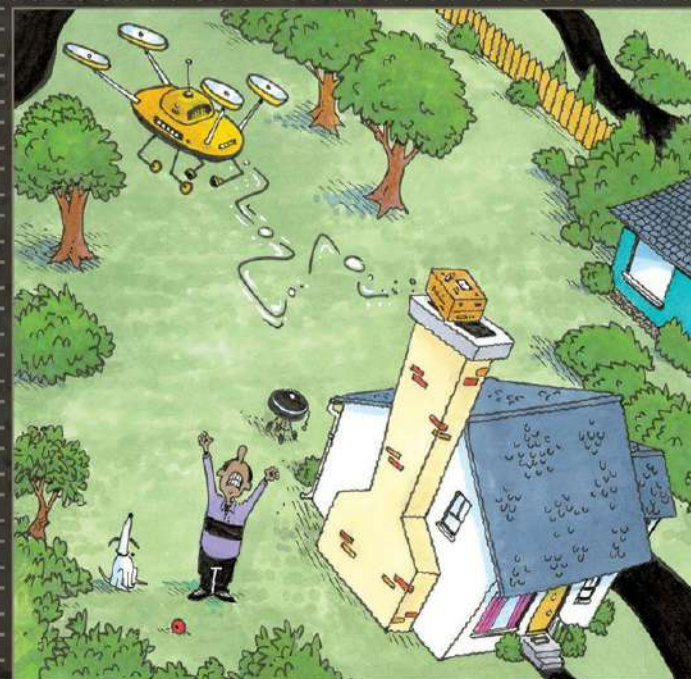
The number of random James Patterson assaults will skyrocket

DRONES GO BAD

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #527, JUN 2014



Can you say "Gratuity Shakedowns"?



It screws with the coordinates just to make deliveries more interesting



COMPUTER VIRUS CRIPPLES
MILITARY DATA NETWORK

SHUTTLE WOES BLAMED
ON SOFTWARE BUGS

"Computer Virus?" "Software Bug?" No surprise to us! We've known all along that machines are susceptible to the same diseases we humans are! In fact, although the computer ailments have been getting all the publicity, there are all sorts of poor, sick, mechanical devices out there, that are suffering from...

OTHER OF THE MACH



Vending Machine **CONSTIPATION**



Automated Teller **KLEPTOMANIA**



Fast-Food Intercom **LARYNGITIS**



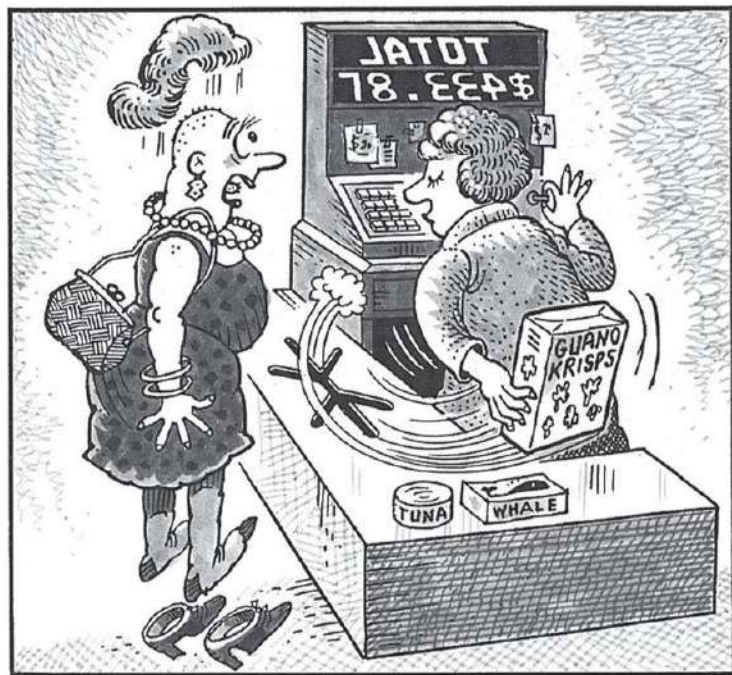
Food Processor **NAUSEA**

"DISEASES" IN THE WORLD

WRITER **MIKE SNIDER** ARTIST **AL JAFFEE**



Slurpee Machine **DIARRHEA**



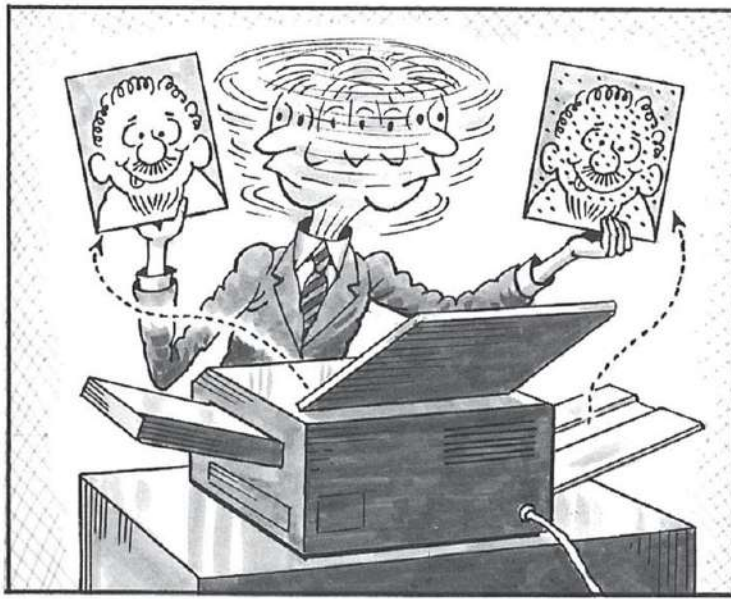
Bar-Code Scanner **DYSLEXIA**



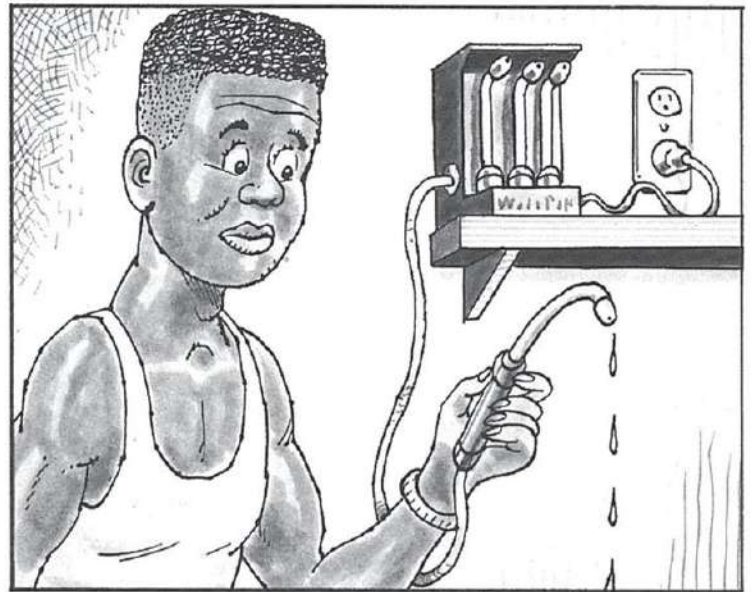
Electric Can Opener **TRENCHMOUTH**



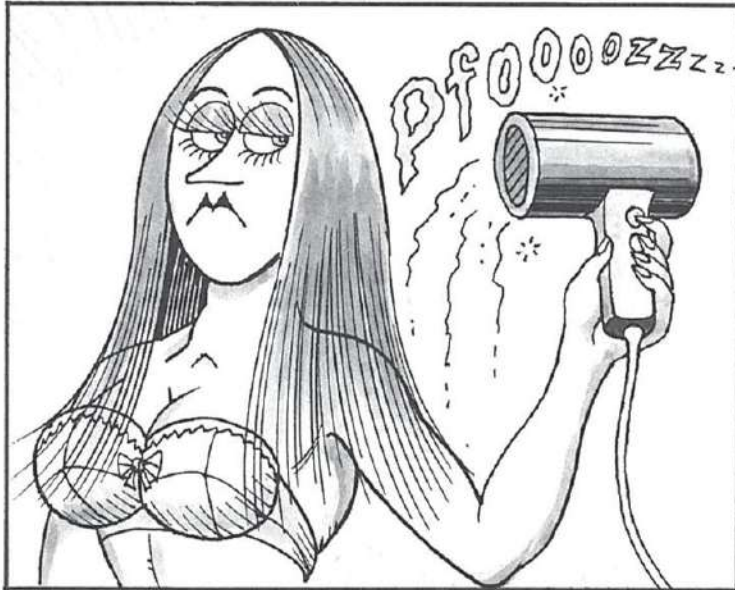
Airport Metal Detector **HALLUCINATIONS**



Copy Machine **MEASLES**



Water Pic **IMPOTENCE**



Hair Dryer **EMPHYSEMA**



Air Conditioner **INCONTINENCE**



Gas Pump Nozzle **HICCUPS**

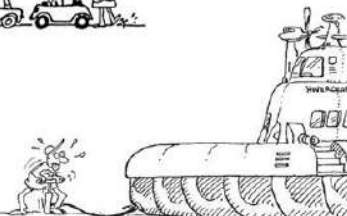
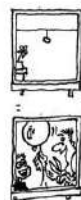


Bathroom Towel Dispenser **LOCKJAW**

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #309, MAR 1992

DRAWN OUT DRAMAS

BY
SERGIO ARAGONES





Technological innovations drive efficiency and economic growth, often by sending obsolete tools to the dump. Once-ubiquitous items like pay phones, cassette players, and typewriters are now mainly kept by collectors, hoarders, and hipsters (if at all). We sure hope humans won't join these remnants of a bygone era, but only...

IF WISHES WERE HORSES

When I was **your** age, my grandpappy said **everybody** owned a **horse**...

...then **cars** came along and horses went from **indispensable** to **obsolete** and **irrelevant**.

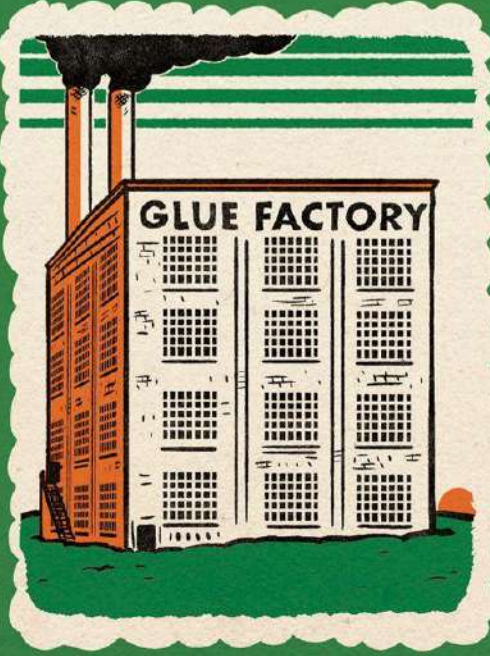
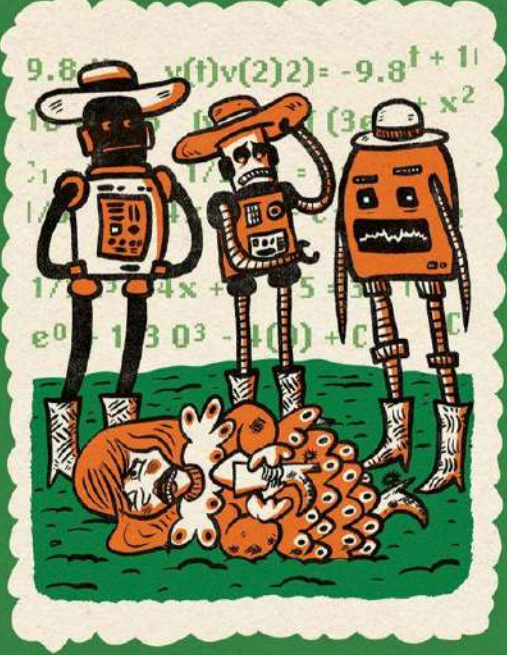
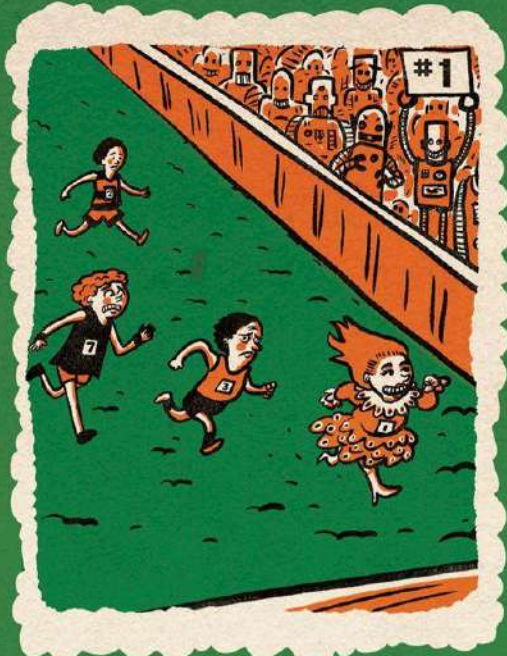
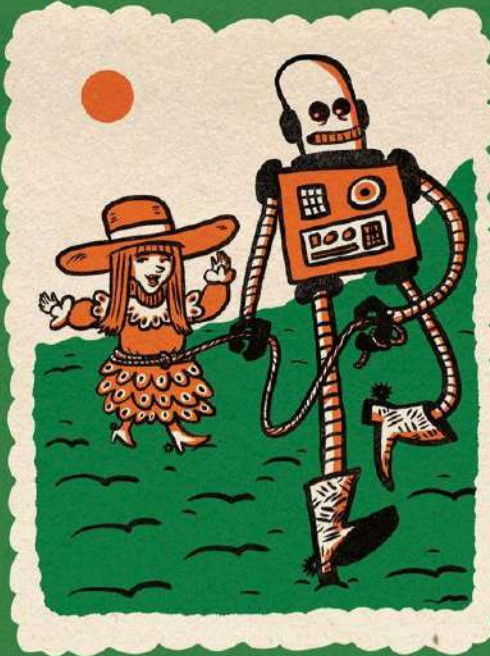
Now it's happening **again** with **artificial intelligence**...



WRITER & ARTIST IVAN EHLERS

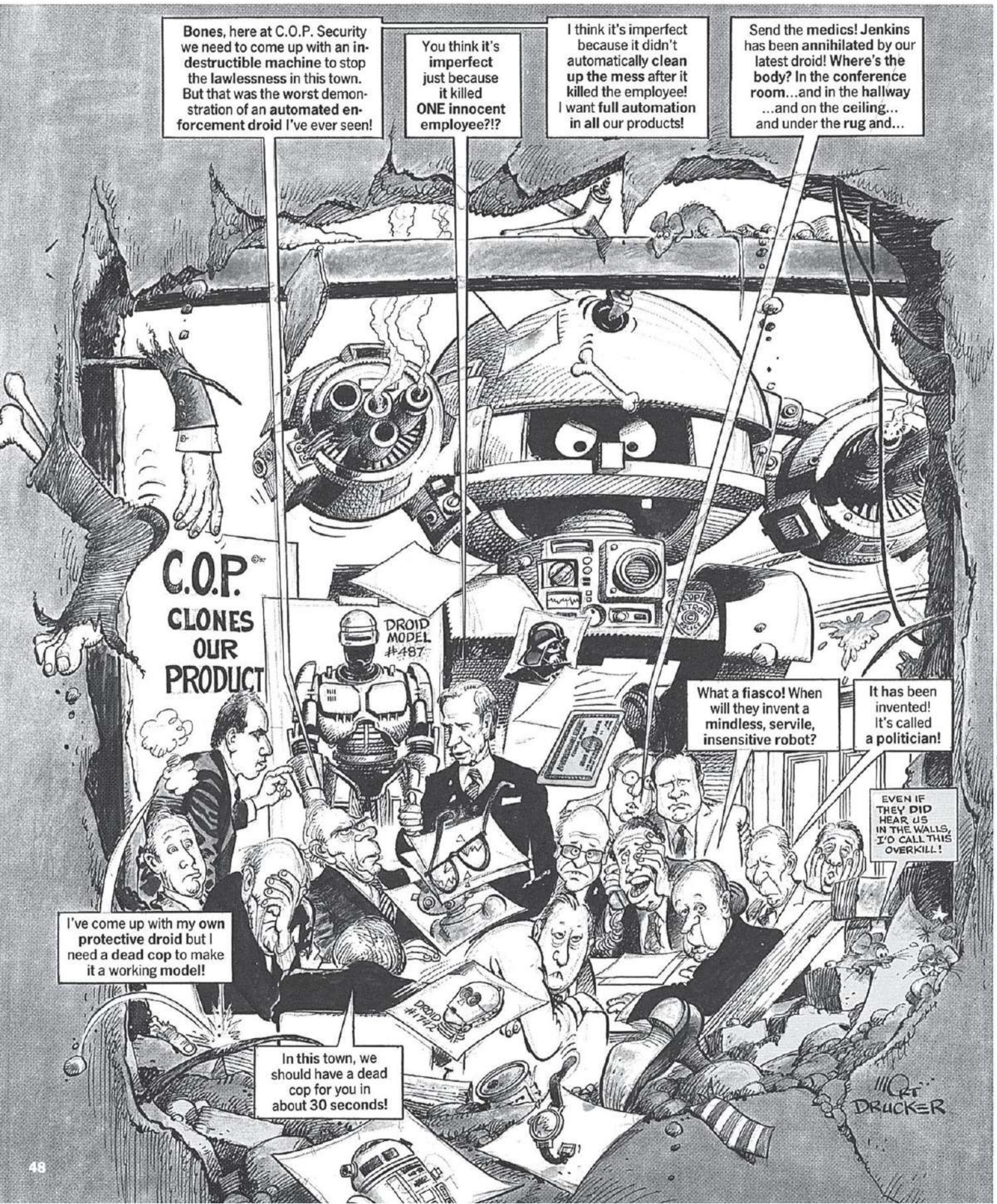
...except this time, **humans** are the **horses**!







There was a movie out this summer in which the main characters caused violence, torture, death, anarchy and senseless property damage—and they were the good guys! The bad guys were responsible for even *more* misery and wreckage! But the destruction caused by the good guys and bad guys combined was nothing when compared to the incredible carnage caused by...



Bones, here at C.O.P. Security we need to come up with an indestructible machine to stop the lawlessness in this town. But that was the worst demonstration of an automated enforcement droid I've ever seen!

You think it's imperfect just because it killed **ONE** innocent employee?!

I think it's imperfect because it didn't automatically clean up the mess after it killed the employee! I want full automation in all our products!

Send the medics! Jenkins has been annihilated by our latest droid! Where's the body? In the conference room...and in the hallway...and on the ceiling...and under the rug and...

**C.O.P.
CLONES
OUR
PRODUCT**

DROID MODEL #487

What a fiasco! When will they invent a mindless, servile, insensitive robot?

It has been invented! It's called a politician!

EVEN IF THEY DID HEAR US IN THE WALLS, I'D CALL THIS OVERKILL!

I've come up with my own protective droid but I need a dead cop to make it a working model!

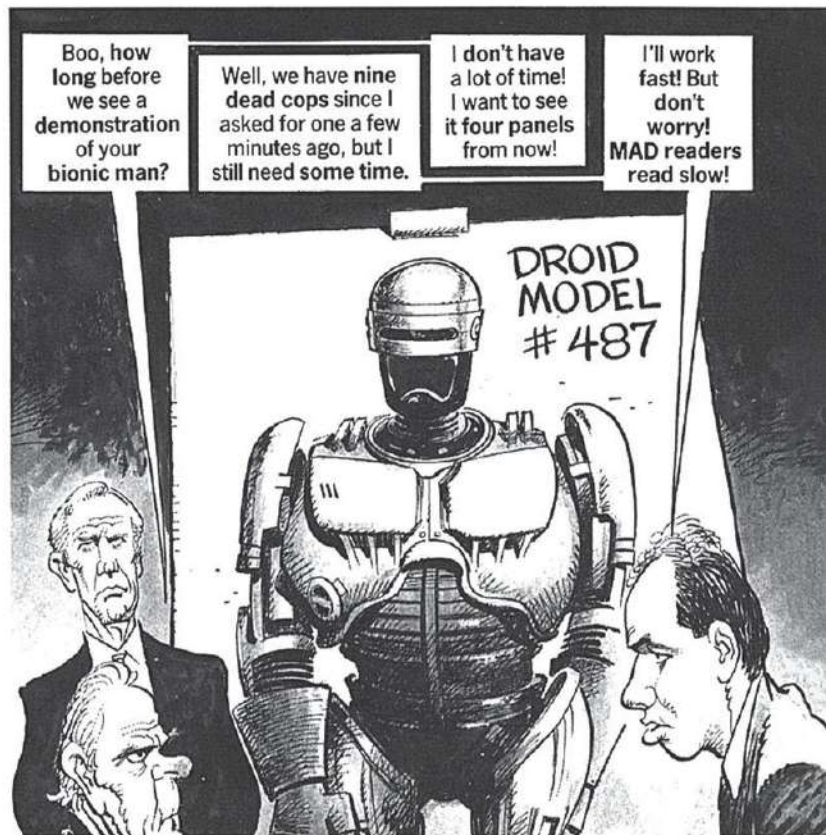
In this town, we should have a dead cop for you in about 30 seconds!

FRESH CEMENT

Qt DRUCKER

ROBO SLOP

WRITER **DICK DEBARTOLO** ARTIST **MORT DRUCKER**



This is Officer Loser! Officer Murky's been shot up bad!

We'll send an ambulance to pick him up!

Don't bother! There's not that much of him left! You'll be able to sop him up with a "police blotter"!

We've given him a bionic arm, two bionic legs and a bionic brain, but we don't have enough power to shock him back to life!

Show him his bionic bill!

Look, you're right... he works!

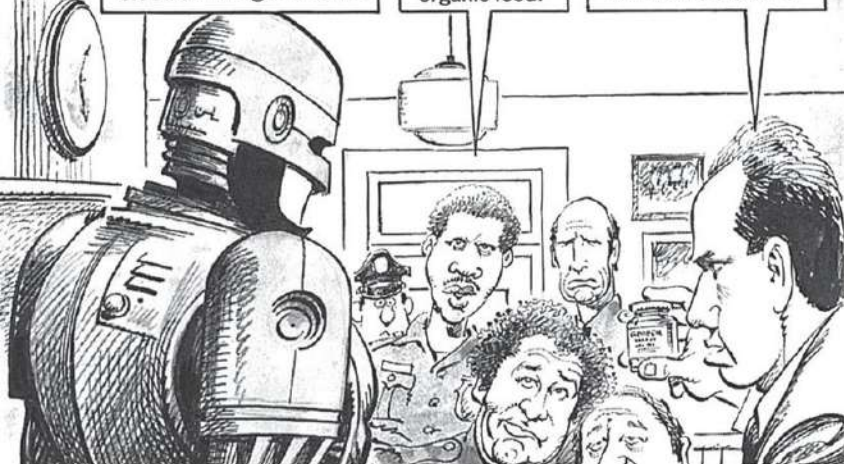
And he's ready in only four panels!



This is a special officer! He will obey every command! All you have to do is feed him this special robo/electronic/organic food!

Since when does Gerber make robo/electronic/organic food?

Okay, so it's baby food! But when you bill the government \$450.00 a jar, you have to make it sound a little more exotic!



I'll push his belly button and give you a little demonstration of how this guy works.

I have four directives:

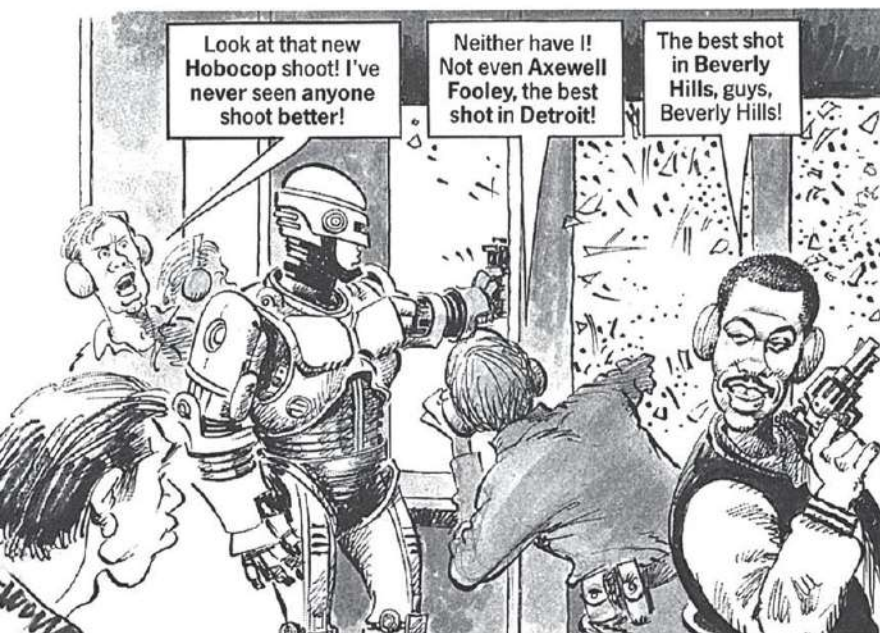


- ① UPHOLD THE LAW, EVEN IF IT MEANS DISPENSING WITH ALL LOGIC.
- ② PROTECT THE INNOCENT WHILE DESTROYING MILLIONS OF DOLLARS IN PROPERTY.
- ③ SERVE THE MOVIE VIEWING PUBLIC BY STOPPING VIOLENCE--WITH VIOLENCE.
- ④ CREATE SUSPENSE BY NOT TELLING WHAT THE FOURTH DIRECTIVE IS--TILL LATER!

Look at that new Hobocop shoot! I've never seen anyone shoot better!

Neither have I! Not even Axewell Fooley, the best shot in Detroit!

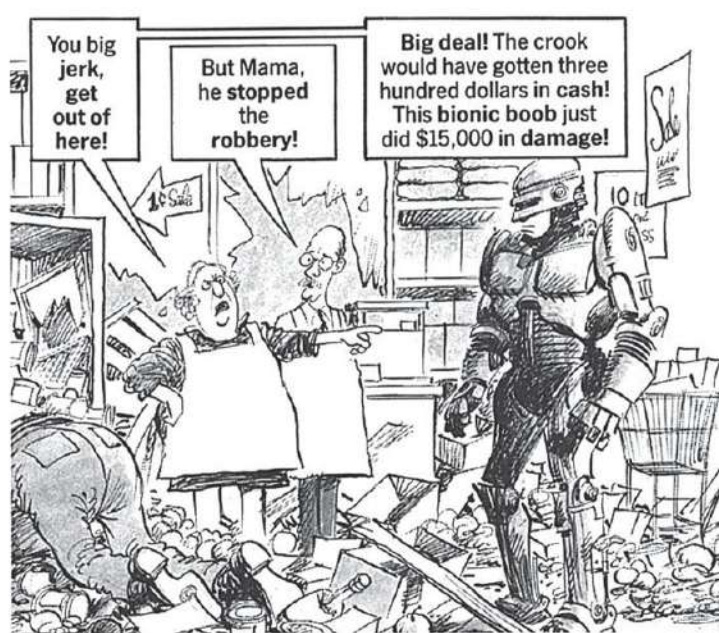
The best shot in Beverly Hills, guys, Beverly Hills!

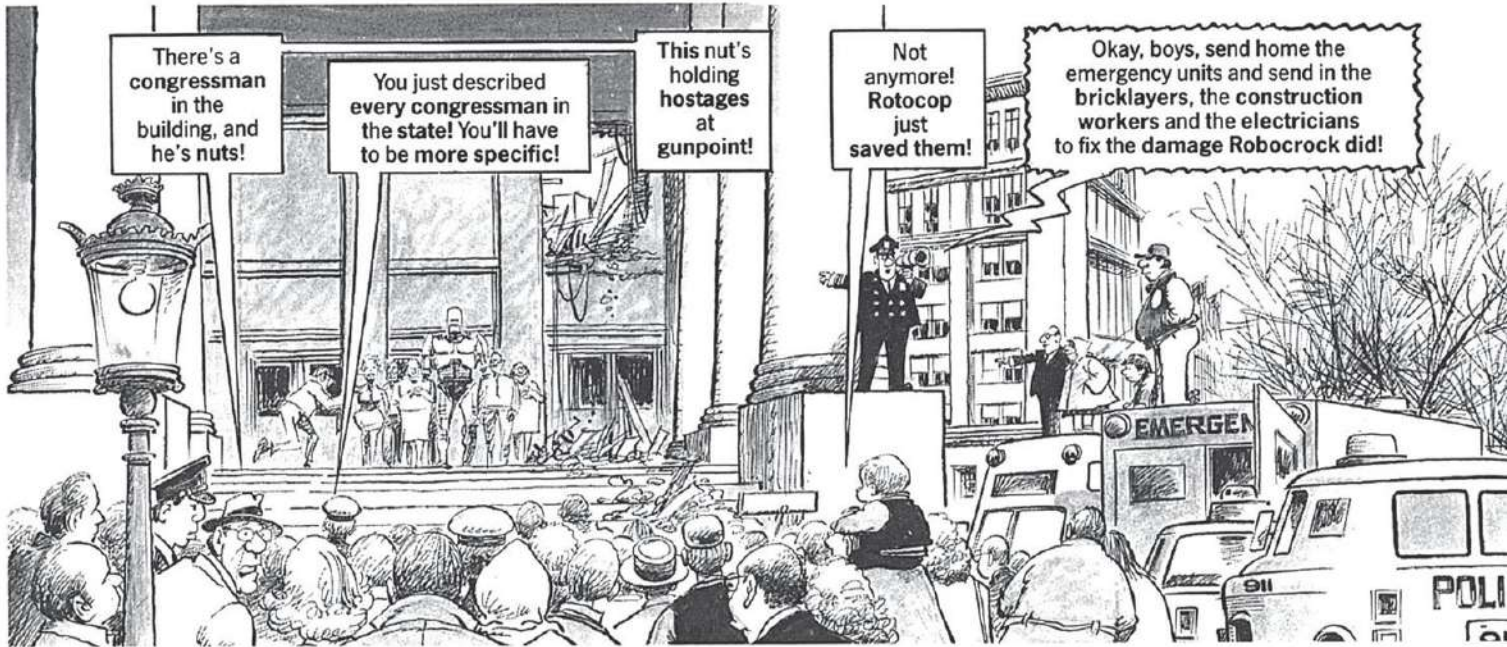


You big jerk, get out of here!

But Mama, he stopped the robbery!

Big deal! The crook would have gotten three hundred dollars in cash! This bionic boob just did \$15,000 in damage!





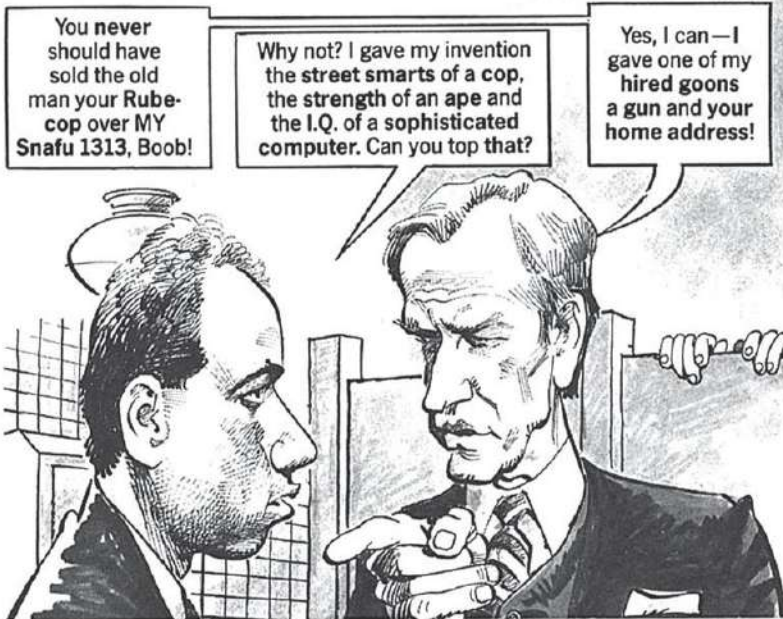
There's a congressman in the building, and he's nuts!

You just described every congressman in the state! You'll have to be more specific!

This nut's holding hostages at gunpoint!

Not anymore! Rotocop just saved them!

Okay, boys, send home the emergency units and send in the bricklayers, the construction workers and the electricians to fix the damage Robocrock did!



You never should have sold the old man your Rubecop over MY Snafu 1313, Boob!

Why not? I gave my invention the street smarts of a cop, the strength of an ape and the I.Q. of a sophisticated computer. Can you top that?

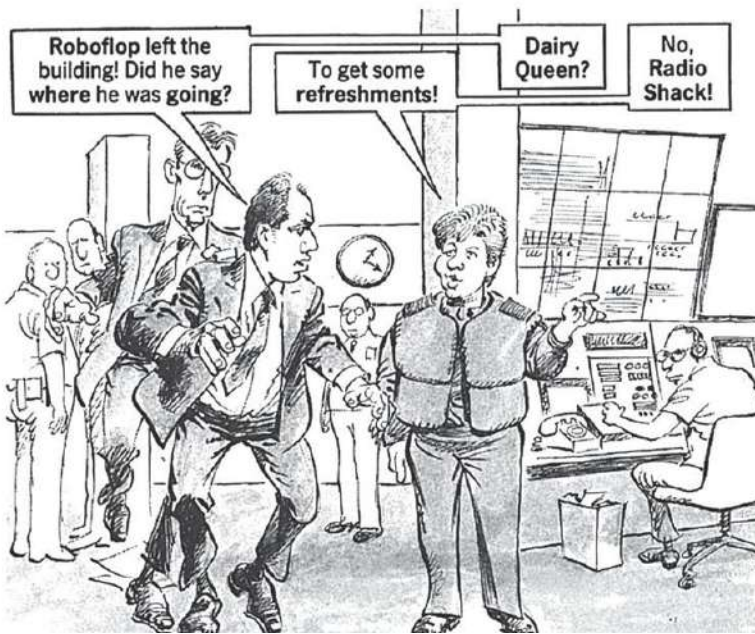
Yes, I can—I gave one of my hired goons a gun and your home address!



You know, there's something very familiar about you. You remind me a lot of Officer Murky!

Really? Why is that?

Murky acted stiff and mechanical, too!

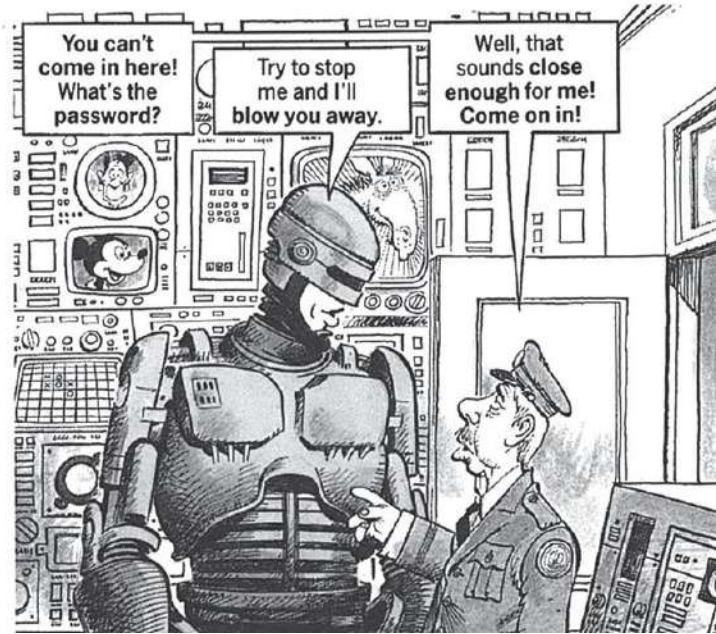


Roboflop left the building! Did he say where he was going?

To get some refreshments!

Dairy Queen?

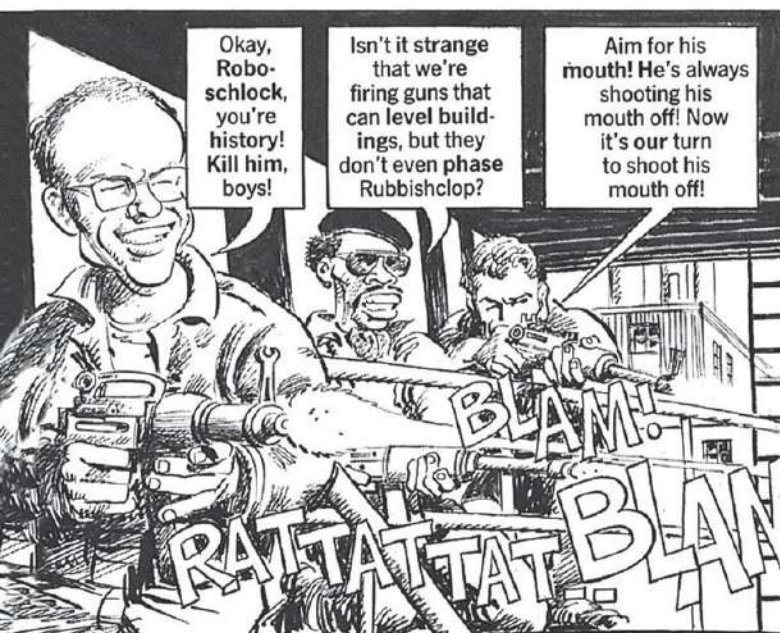
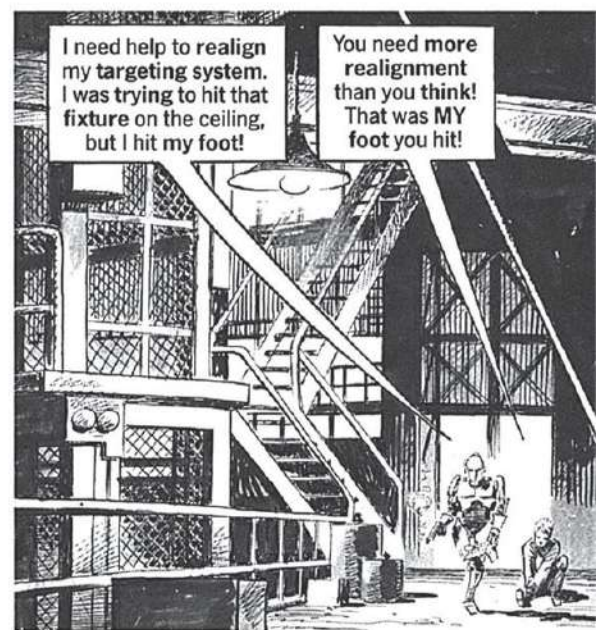
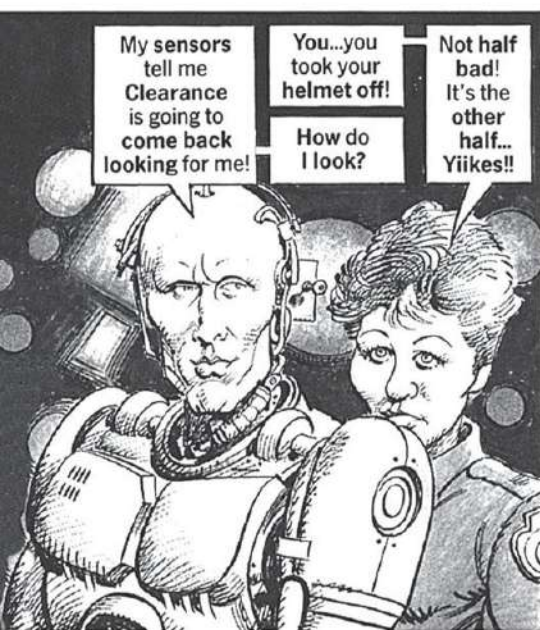
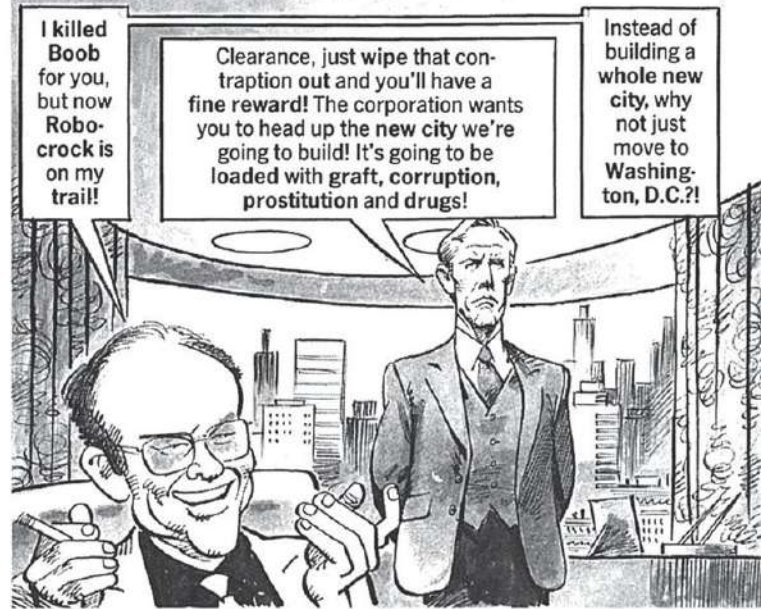
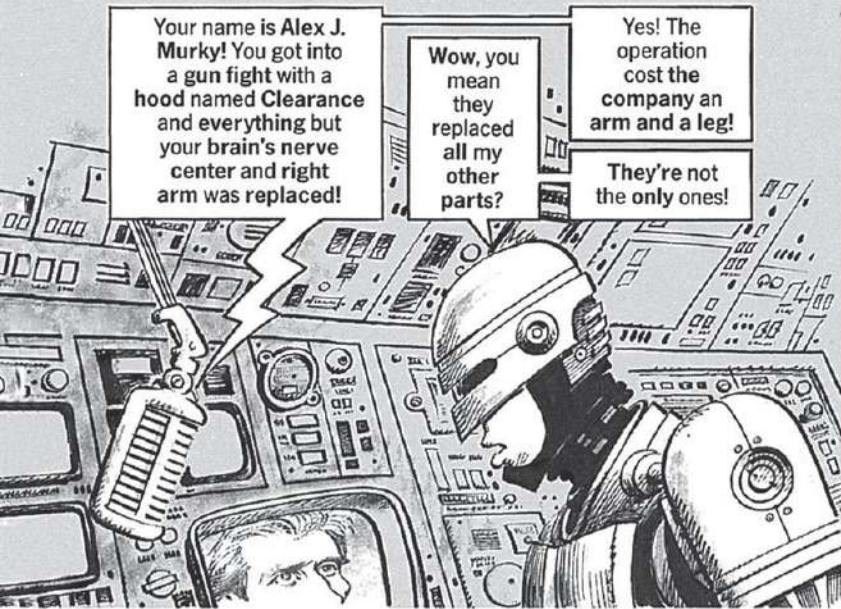
No, Radio Shack!



You can't come in here! What's the password?

Try to stop me and I'll blow you away.

Well, that sounds close enough for me! Come on in!



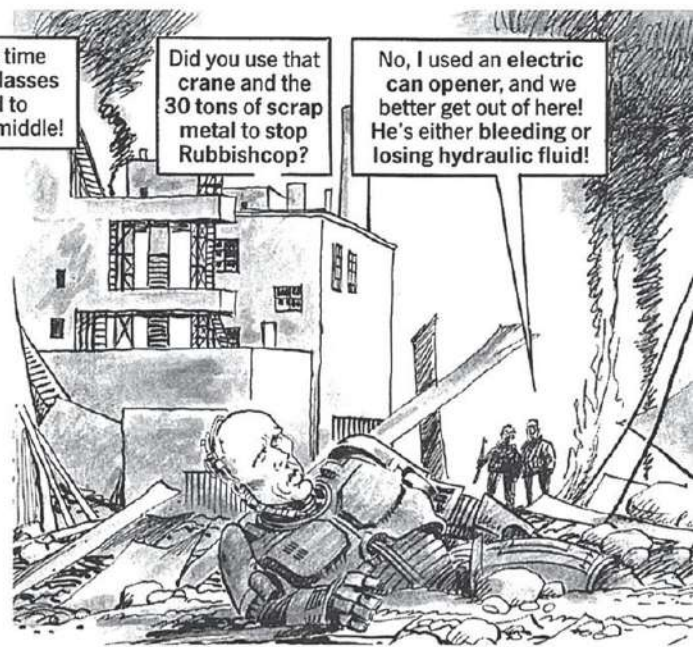


Help me!
Help me!
My nose
is running!

Go to the van,
there's tissues in
the glove compartment.

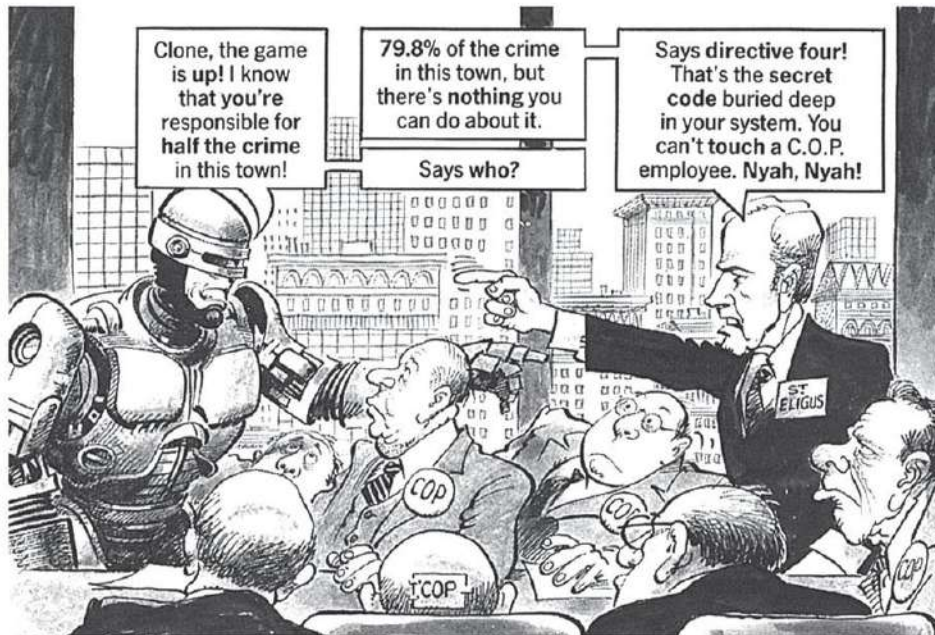
I mean it's
running off
my face!

That's tough! Next time
you wear your sunglasses
you'll need a nail to
hold them up in the middle!



Did you use that
crane and the
30 tons of scrap
metal to stop
Rubbishcop?

No, I used an electric
can opener, and we
better get out of here!
He's either bleeding or
losing hydraulic fluid!

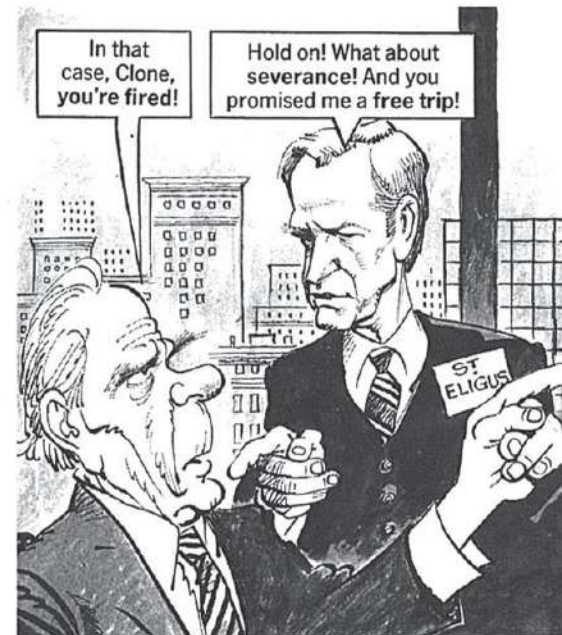


Clone, the game
is up! I know
that you're
responsible for
half the crime
in this town!

79.8% of the crime
in this town, but
there's nothing you
can do about it.

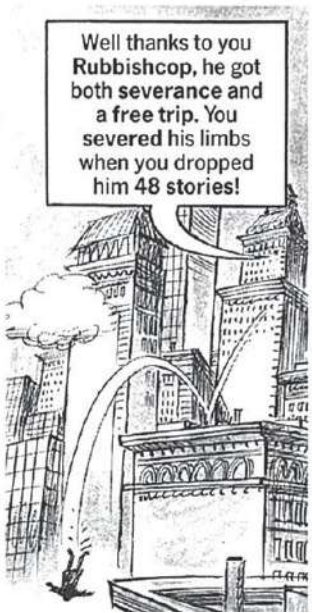
Says who?

Says directive four!
That's the secret
code buried deep
in your system. You
can't touch a C.O.P.
employee. Nyah, Nyah!



In that
case, Clone,
you're fired!

Hold on! What about
severance! And you
promised me a free trip!



Well thanks to you
Rubbishcop, he got
both severance and
a free trip. You
severed his limbs
when you dropped
him 48 stories!

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #277, MAR 1988



I'm glad we learned
there is a little bit
of human feeling left in
your bionic body! Maybe
you'll meet someone nice
like me and settle down.

Actually, there
is someone
in accounting
I've had
my eye on.

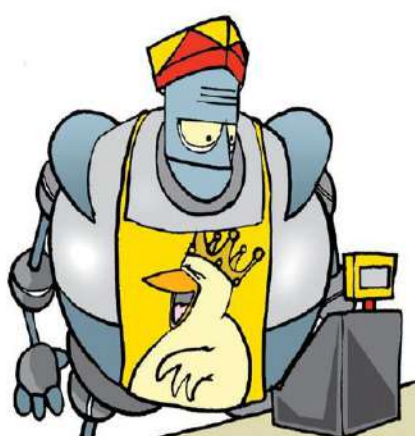
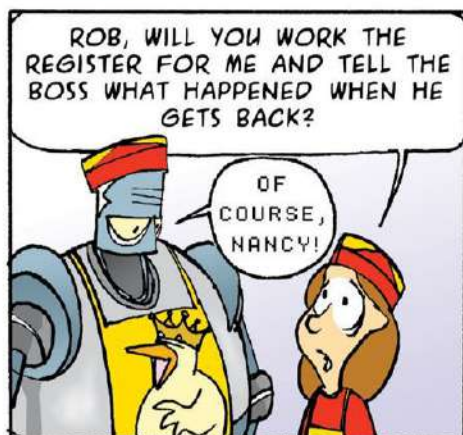
The new
blonde
they
hired
last week?

No, that new
computer with the
big chips they
installed yesterday!
Do you know if
she's available?

RATED - O

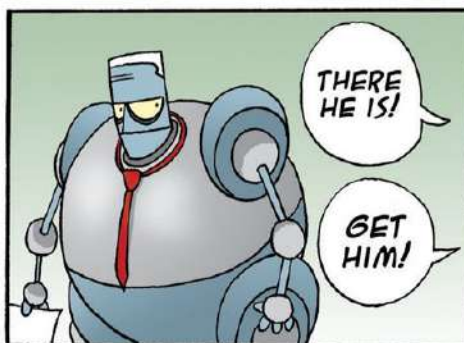


ROB THE EVIL, BACKSTABBING ROBOT TEMP



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #459, NOV 2005

ROB THE EVIL, BACKSTABBING, ROBOT TEMP



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #492, AUG 2008

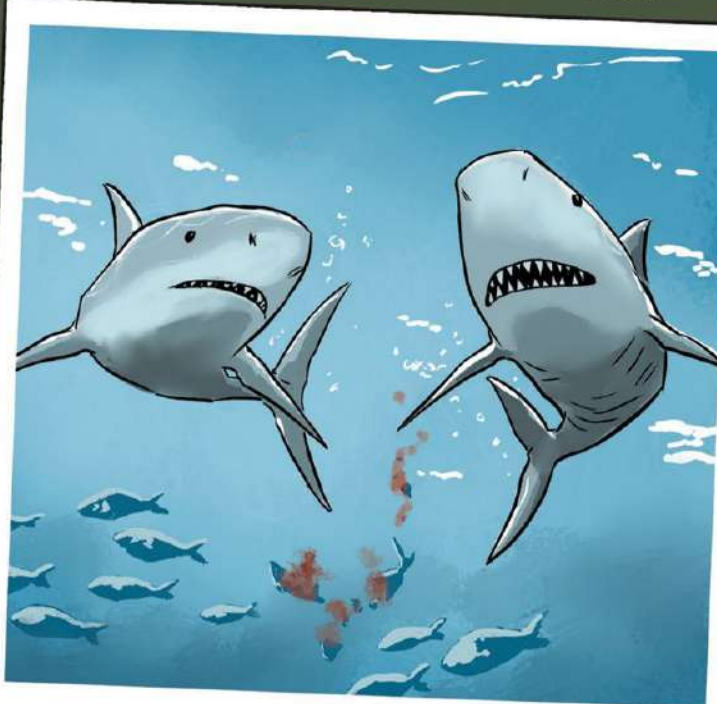


MeaNwHile...

WRITER IAN BOOTHBY
ARTIST PIA GUERRA



"GAVE HER A CAMERA TO SEE WHAT SHE DID DURING THE DAY. NOW SHE'S GOT A SHORT OPENING AT SUNDANCE AND A FEATURE DEAL WITH GRETA GERWIG ATTACHED."



"I WORRY THAT SOMETIMES I EAT NOT BECAUSE I'M IN A FRENZY, BUT BECAUSE I'M BORED."



"SURE, IF YOU BELIEVE EVERYTHING YOU READ ON THE WEB."



"AS YOUR BEST FRIEND, I HAVE TO SAY THE CAT IS TALKING SOME TRASH ABOUT YOU."



ROBOTS IN DISGUISE

(OTHER THAN TRANSFORMERS)

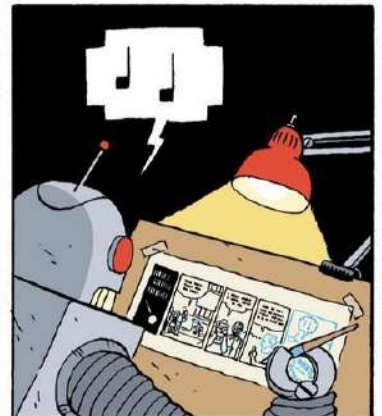
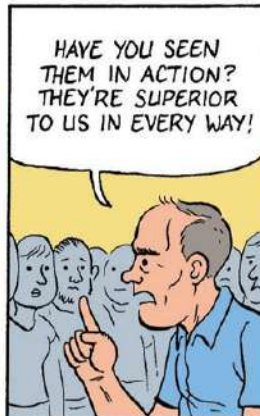
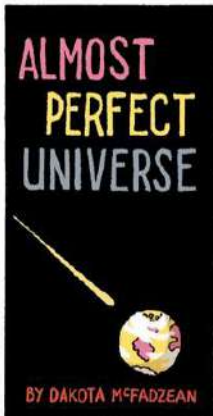
C3PO IN A NIXON MASK

ROOMBA IN A FAKE BEARD



THE MARS ROVER IN GROUCHO GLASSES

ARTIST SCOTT BRICHER



WRITER & ARTIST DAKOTA McFADZEAN

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Anne DePies, General Manager, MAD, September 10, 2024

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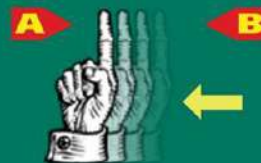
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WHAT IS
ONE THING
ARTISTS "GET"
THAT A.I.
NEVER WILL?

HERE WE GO WITH AN ALL-NEW MAD FOLD-IN

In an astonishingly short amount of time, the artistic output of A.I. image generators has grown exponentially more sophisticated. It is now difficult to discern whether a design was made by man or machine. Yet, for all the distinctly human traits that A.I. is able to replicate, there is one thing that it cannot. To see what that is, fold in as shown.

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD



ARTISTS AND ARTISANS ALIKE TOIL FOR THEIR TRADES. BE IT CARPENTRY, PAINTING, OR SCULPTURE, IT TAKES YEARS OF PHYSICAL AND MENTAL TRAINING IN ORDER FOR THEM TO PRODUCE STUNNING ARTWORKS. SADLY, THE FRUITS OF THEIR HARD LABOR FUEL SYNTHETIC A.I. CREATIONS. AS IF THAT'S NOT BAD ENOUGH, ANDROIDS KEEP GETTING BETTER. SURELY THE WORST IS YET TO COME.

No.
166
April
'74

33230

MAD

OUR PRICE
40¢
CHEAP

GIVING A.I. THE MIDDLE FINGERS



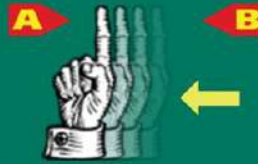
Remember to always pay
real artists. They hate
drawing hands as much
as A.I. does—but unlike
A.I., artists *count*.

CONCEPT **MATT COHEN**
ARTIST **NORMAN MINGO**

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A B



CARPAL
TUN-
NEL
SYN-
DROME.

A B